



THE

Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 19 Feb. 1964



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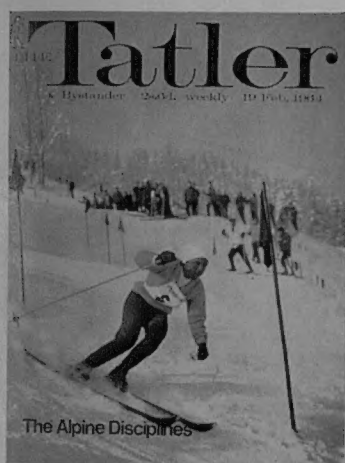
Oxford Street, W.1 LAngham 3000

Tatler

AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 251 / NUMBER 3260

EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER

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The slalom skier on the cover is familiar with the dour Alpine disciplines that make for skill and endurance in such testing events as the recent winter Olympics at Innsbruck. George König, who took the picture in Austria, develops his theme in action pictures on page 364 from Madonna di Campiglio and St. Moritz. More snow news on page 355 from Desmond O'Neill, covering the scene at St. Moritz and Wengen. Nearer home more subtle disciplines govern the new wave of stage designers—Graham Smith-Attwood supplies a picture report on page 368. Then turn to page 373 for a selective look by Unity Barnes at the London couture collections

IN NEXT WEEK'S TATLER: Spring fashion from Paris by Unity Barnes with photographs by Norman Eales

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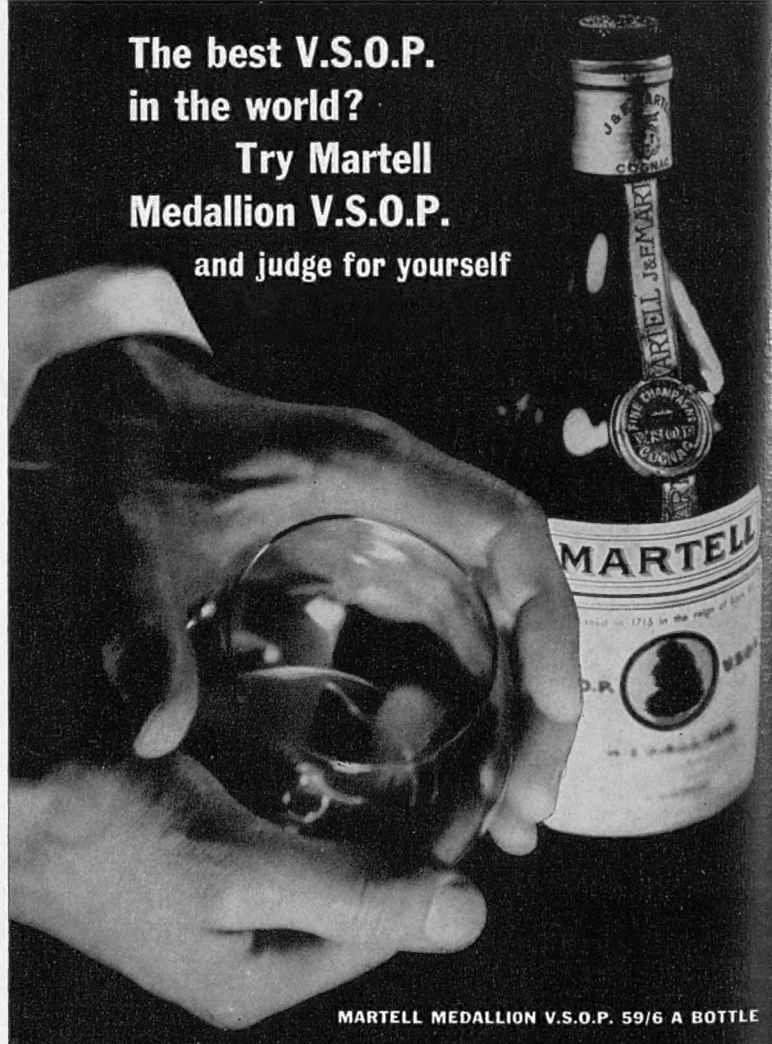
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GOING PLACES



SOCIAL & SPORTING

"Unheard Of" Ball, Savoy, 25 February, in aid of the National Deaf Children's Society. (Tickets, £3 3s., inc. dinner. GUL 4352.)

Pineapple Ball, Grosvenor House, 26 February, in aid of the Stowe Club for Boys.

Dockland Settlements dinner, Grocers' Hall, 28 February.

Royal Ocean Racing Club Ball, Hyde Park Hotel, 4 March. (Details, Mr. A. Paul, HYD 5252.)

Opera Ball, Grosvenor House, 5 March, in aid of the English Opera Group.

Cardinal's Ball, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, 6 March. (Tickets, 3½ gns., from Mr. P. W. Jones, St. Catherine's.)

Summer Dress Collection, by Lachasse, Winter Gardens, Eastbourne, 6 March, in aid of S.S.A.F.A. 3 p.m., and 8 p.m. (Tickets, inc. tea and refreshments, 12s. 6d. afternoon, 6s. evening, from the Winter Gardens)

Spring Ball, Blenheim Palace, 13 March. (Double tickets, £5 5s., from David Gore-Booth, Christ Church, Oxford.)

Hunt Balls: Grafton, Court-eeenhall; **N. Cotswold**, Lygon Arms, Broadway, 28 February.

Garth & S. Berks., Tynley Hall, Rotherwick, Hants; **New Forest**, New Forest Hall, Brockenhurst, 3 April.

POINT-TO-POINTS

United Services, Larkhill, 22 February. **Beaufort**, Didmarton; **Army**, Tweseldown; **Cambridge University United Hunts**, Cottenham; **Sparkford Vale Harriers**, 29 February; **Quantock Staghounds**; **Cheshire Forest**, Littleton; **Garth & S. Berks**, Tweseldown; **Aldenharn Harriers**, Friars Wash, 7 March.

RACE MEETINGS

Steeplechasing: Sandown Park, today; Lingfield Park, 21, 22; Chepstow, Wetherby, 22; Wolverhampton, Doncaster, 24; Windsor, Ludlow, 26, 27 Feb.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Rigoletto*, (last perf.), 7.30 p.m., tonight; *Aida*, 7 p.m., 21, 24, 26 February; *Macbeth*, 7.30 p.m., 27 February. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Ondine*, 20, 25, 28 February; *Diversions*, *Antigone*, *The Firebird*, 22 February, 7.30 p.m. *Coppelia*, 22 February, 2.15 p.m.

Royal Festival Hall, National Opera Orchestra of Monte Carlo 8 p.m., 20 February; Ernest Read Birthday Concert, 7.30 p.m., 21 February; Duke Ellington & his orchestra,

6.30 p.m., 9.15 p.m., 22 February; Peter Katin (piano), 3 p.m., 23 February; L.P.O., cond. Pritchard, 7.30 p.m., 23 February; Folk Song Concert, 8 p.m., 24 February; L.S.O., cond. Dorati, 8 p.m., 25 February. (WAT 3191.)

Sadler's Wells. *Carmen*, 7 p.m., 19 February; *Idomeneo* (last perf.), 20 February; *The Makropulos Case*, (last perfs.) 21, 25, 27 February; *Girl of the Golden West*, 22 February. (TER 1672/3.)

Oxford Playhouse: *Albert Herring*, by the O.U. Opera Club, 25-29 February.

ART

Goya & His Times, Royal Academy, to 1 March.

"Royal Children", the Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace, to 1 March.

Canadian Painting, Tate Gallery, to 22 March.

FESTIVALS

St. Pancras Arts Festival, St. Pancras Town Hall, to 20 March. (TER 7070.)

Marlowe Quatercentenary celebrations, Canterbury, 22 February.

FIRST NIGHTS

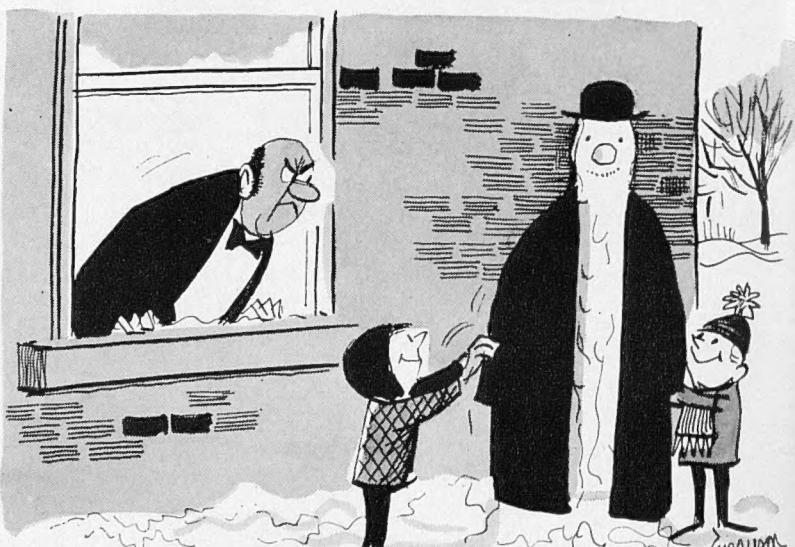
Vaudeville. *Woman In A Dressing Gown*, tonight.

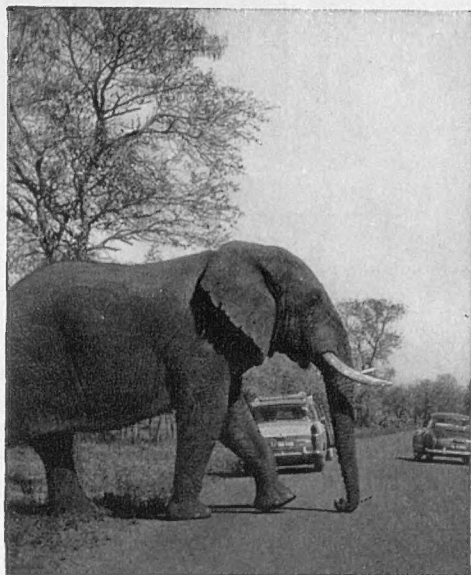
Aldwych (Royal Shakespeare). *The Rebel*, 20 February;



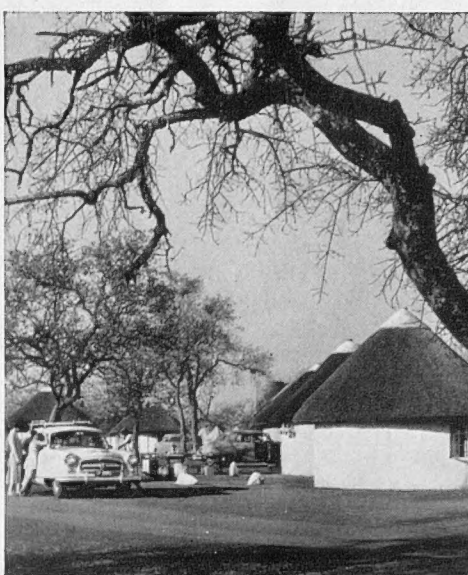
Audrey Hepburn takes her first screen bath in Paris When it Sizzles in which she plays the secretary of a screen writer (William Holden). The film consists of a series of tentative screenplays thought up by Holden and abandoned; Miss Hepburn features in each one. Perhaps this scene will set a precedent for the scrubbing of Eliza Doolittle, as Miss Hepburn is now working on the film version of My Fair Lady

BRIGGS by Graham

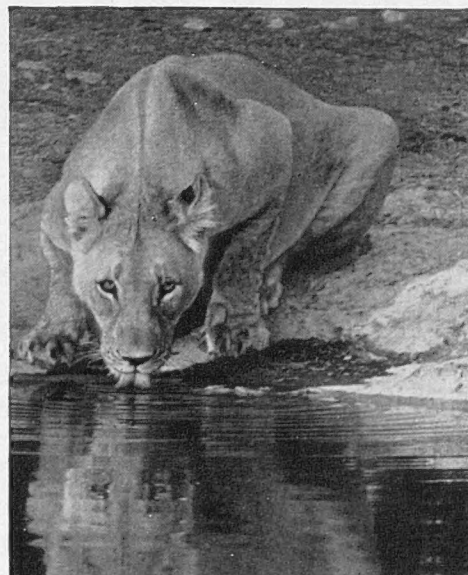




Not tame, and not fenced in! In the 8,000 sq. miles of the Kruger Park the elephants prefer the northern parts, which are open to visitors between May and October.



Game Reserve rest camps are fenced in. In the Kruger Park (the size of Wales) there are twelve, all with h. and c., electricity and pleasantly low prices.



Lions live and hunt in prides (families), and you could see a procession of father, mothers and cubs in front of your car, walking down the road. Quick! The camera!

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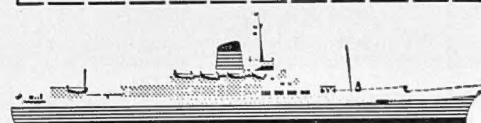
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UNION-CASTLE



GOING PLACES

NASSAU AND THE OUT ISLANDS



ABROAD

Though Nassau, New Providence is, for better or worse, among the most populous and sophisticated of all the Caribbean cities, the Out Islands—strung out north, east and south of it—are some of the most gloriously white-sanded and remote of any. They are generally flattish, scrub-grown, rather un-tropical to look at. The coral reefs stripe the ocean, lying between them, into fantastic whirls of violet, turquoise and jade shallows. The climate is mainly warm, windy and dry—but cooler than that of the West Indies proper. Food, considering it nearly all has to be flown in frozen, is remarkably good. Entertainment is what you make it. One of my favourite quotes was from a woman who spent many years in Exuma, finally deserting it for the civilization of Nassau: "Not

everyone can take the Out Islands, I mean, unless you happen to read, or something like that."

I touched down in Exuma after an hour's flight in a DC 3 from Nassau, and still but 24 hours by the clock after leaving London Airport. To me, its sunny quietness was balm to the soul. The taxi took me to a bouganvillea-wreathed small hotel, named Peace & Plenty. The proprietress offered me a drink. "Just get behind the bar and fix your own," she told me. There has to be a first time for everything, and this was mine behind a bar. I was rather charmed by the place. It is simply an old white house with a few inconspicuous additions: a series of sunny patios and some comfortable bedrooms, surrounding a small, deep swimming pool. For ocean swimming proper, their own

private beach is up the road, or you can take a boat across to Stocking Island, with its Daliesque expanse of limitless coral sand.

In the evening I explored the capital city of Georgetown, a seven minute walk from one end to the other. Across the street from Peace & Plenty is the only other hotel, The Two Turtles, a new, attractively timbered building in the contemporary-rustic tradition. Otherwise, the sum of the place is a Methodist chapel, a general store, a community centre and a pocket sized branch of the Royal Bank of Canada, beguilingly washed in pale pistachio green.

The locals love to recount the

incident of the manager who flew down from Nassau for the weekly opening, leaving behind him the keys, and thus being forced to break open his own safe. Another local legend is of the occasion when Prince Philip arrived on the air strip to find all the welcoming bunting at half mast. The two chairs from which it had been rigged weren't tall enough to reach the top of the poles.

Apart from the sailing and fishing for which it is famous (the Out Island regatta takes place at the end of April), the whole appeal of Exuma is its total and genuine informality. Members of the small community included the inevitable rich Bostonian beachcomber who had put in to refuel his yacht four months ago, and never left. And there is no need to be quite so rich in order to beachcomb there as in some



PHOTOGRAPHS: NORMAN EALES

Picaron Cove is the hub of the life on Harbour Island, just off the north coast of Eleuthera. Despite its remoteness it fosters a sophisticated community

other parts of the Caribbean. Rates at the Two Turtles are \$15 a day for two, without food, up to 1 May, dropping to \$10 a day from May to mid-December. At Peace & Plenty (which closes for the summer season) they are \$25 for two, with all food. It was hardly surprising to find that real-estate is booming; lots start at around \$995 for a quarter-acre behind the beach, rising to \$14,000 for a half-acre on it. I gather that an average small house would cost around \$20,000 to build, but the whole deal is being handled on a big businesslike scale, and there won't be any nonsense about lack of roads, water or drainage.

Harbour Island lies just off the north coast of Eleuthera, and its remoteness from civilization is therefore squared by the boat journey which takes you on from the landing strip. Yet compared with Exuma, Harbour Island is quite a thriving little place, with the air of a New England fishing village. Its innocent looking gingerbread houses, brightly painted shutters and white clapboard shelter a highly sophisticated rock-pool com-

munity among whom social life positively ricochets, and into which the visitor is quickly and hospitably absorbed. The hub of local life is Picaroon Cove, a small and charming hotel on the waterfront, overlooking the harbour. Aldo, a pianist whose other beat is one of the cafés on San Marco, enchants and entertains a motley and amusing crowd of people after an excellent dinner. The present owners are about to transfer to a new hotel called Dunmow Beach, just over the headland and facing a two mile sweep of white beach. Pink Sands, a cabaña hotel with a central area, is the closest thing to the conventional, and it too faces the beach.

One of the most charming of all is Runaway, operated more on the lines of a house party than a hotel, with its own bar and swimming pool built out above the sand. Here, the food is really special, and prepared with both love and knowledge. Providing you were lucky in the accident of your fellow guests, it is probably the best bet of the lot. High season rates (January to the end of April) are from \$45 for two, with all food. There is a drop to

\$25 during May and June, and down to \$20 until 30 October.

These prices are average for all the hotels on the island, so I won't split hairs by going into further details, except to add that the out-of-season rates bear relation only to demand, and not to any deterioration of the climate. Many people told me that May and June were the best months of all. Summing up, Harbour Island is for the fairly convivial, and the evenings create situations to dress up for. If you want only to sail, sleep and swim, then stick with Exuma.

The appeal of Nassau itself depends much on whom you know. The huge, luxury American hotels such as Emerald Beach have a public of their own (though surely their most unexpected guest this season was Mr. T. S. Eliot, whose presence in those minky, air-conditioned bars has kept me speculating ever since). A public of a quite different kind patronizes Lyford Cay, where guests with a membership introduction may now stay. Claridge-type luncheons by the swimming pool, a good beach and 18 holes of green-velvet golf course, plus some of the

most luxurious surroundings of the Caribbean, make it a splendid example of its kind. In "town," the Royal Victoria, which is newly decorated but basically spacious, palmy and old fashioned, has lately become the mecca for the simple reason that Peggy and Dennis Hickman run it, and they have their own following of gay and pleasant people. A steel band plays in a floodlit palm grove, they have their own swimming pool as well as access to a private beach, and top-flight food. Among scores of bars and restaurants, the Sun And . . . and Buena Vista also draw the gourmets.

How to get there

BOAC have a variety of flights and fares to Nassau, the cheapest of which is a 21-day excursion at £152 18s. return. Some flights are *via* Bermuda and some *via* New York. Fare which includes stop-over privileges in New York is £224 14s., time unlimited. Additionally, of course, various travel agents run inclusive tours to the Bahamas in co-operation with BOAC, with rates from £240 per head for a 17-day holiday.



Doone Beal, nearest the camera, takes a motor boat trip out from Harbour Island on an exploratory coastal voyage

JOHN BAKER WHITE

GOING PLACES TO EAT

THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY ROOT

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays.

W.B. . . . Wise to book a table.

Crow's Nest, 17, Petty France, half-a-minute from St. James's Park Station and two minutes from the Army & Navy Stores. Open 12.30 p.m.-2.30 p.m. and 6.30 p.m.-9.30 p.m. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. (WH 4518.) Small, comfortable, with a pleasant atmosphere. As it should be, against a nautical background, the cooking is true blue British; for example, the boiled silverside was first-class, as was the Cheddar cheese. As well as the main dishes there are grills and a wide selection of "openers"—mine was smoked eel—from 2s. 6d. upwards. The main dishes of the day range from 8s. to 11s., which represents good value for money. The wine list contains an outstanding Burgundy, a Chassagne Montrachet Clos St. Jean 1955, at 26s. per bottle, and the carafe Burgundy at 14s., or 2s. 9d. per glass, was highly commended. In the window of the bar stands a precious and curiously shaped piece of polished wood. It is a portion of the root of the mulberry tree under which the blind poet Milton sat to dictate *Paradise Lost*. The Crow's Nest occupies the site on which stood his little house, 19 York Street. If you dine at this restaurant on a moonlight night maybe you will meet in Petty France the amiable spirits of two other residents in that street, Jeremy Bentham and George Morland.—W.B. luncheon.

Where to stay in London (2)

Eccleston Hotel, Gillingham Street, S.W.1. (vic 8042.) Two minutes from Victoria Station, five from B.O.A.C. and coach station. Although this hotel has 150 rooms it has the atmosphere of a family hotel, and the smiling, attentive service that goes with it—"room service" is really what those words should imply. The rooms are comfortable, as are the beds, and the water hot. Everything is spotlessly clean. Breakfasts are first-class, and Associated Hotels have their own farms in Kent. The restaurant is pleasantly got up:

the fact that it is highly popular with a number of people not staying in the hotel, for both luncheon and dinner, speaks for itself. A single bedroom is 50s. or with private bath £3 5s., double bedroom £4, or £5 with bathroom. All include full breakfast. The service charge is ten per cent.

America's best

Many untravelled Frenchmen believe that the British live largely on boiled mutton, watery cabbage and warm beer. An even larger number of Britons have the idea that the American diet consists of Old Fashioneds, ice water, hamburgers and food from the tin or freeze cabinet. This second idea was refuted by the recent highly successful American Culinary Festival at the **Carlton Tower**. The management brought over three of America's best chefs, including Anthony Macerollo from the Mayflower in Washington, who has had the distinction of cooking for four Presidents of the United States. Special foods were flown in, such as live Maine lobsters, and many Britons got their first taste of American cooking at its best, and were able to taste the best of the Californian wines. I was glad to learn

that some of the dishes will become a permanent feature of the Carlton Tower menu.

Wine note

In the old days the Spanish sherry producers used to send their wines in cask to Australia and back by sailing ship to forward the operation of blending. Now Australia is shipping us increasing quantities of her own sherry. Recently I enjoyed a bottle of Angoves Selected Bin Stock Fino Dry, from the Murray River district. Unusually pale in colour, and lending itself to discriminate chilling, it is a perfect match for a lobster cocktail. We are, incidentally, apt to forget how well sherry and cold lobster go together. It is imported and distributed by Dominion Wines of 206, Bishopsgate, E.C.2 and costs 13s. 9d. per bottle. The Australian Wine Centre in Frith Street, Soho, stock it.

. . . and a reminder

Double Time restaurant, Cumberland Hotel, Marble Arch. With a clock background to the decor. Open 7 a.m.—1.30 a.m.

Pine Room, Harrington Hall Hotel, 11 Harrington Gardens. (FRE 4477.) Quite small with a definite atmosphere and grills as a speciality.



ERICH AUERBACH

Carlo Maria Giulini conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra in three Festival Hall concerts during the next few weeks. On 27 February the programme will include Ravel's *Rapsodie Espagnole* and Rachmaninov's 2nd piano concerto played by Abbey Simon. Further programmes in March will offer works by Verdi and Wagner

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by DORMEUIL

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THE
TATLER
19 FEBRUARY
1964

The Duchess dresses for snow



The Duchess of Kent, who expects her second baby in early May, watches the Army Ski Championships at St. Moritz with Captain R. Rayner, one of the competitors. The Duke of Kent was also a spectator, though an involuntary one—he started training as a leading member of the regimental team of the Royal Scots Greys, ended it when he sprained an ankle and tore two ligaments in a fall. Photograph by George König, whose further pictures appear on page 364. More pictures from St. Moritz and Wengen, by Desmond O'Neill, appear overleaf. Muriel Bowen writes on Page 358

Suvretta victory

The British St. Moritz Curling Club just lost its match against Suvretta House, one of Switzerland's top curling clubs, in the first round of the Jackson Cup, played at St. Moritz



1 Mr. J. V. Woolam, M.P. for West Derby, and Mr. Fred Krabbé, a visitor to St. Moritz for 60 years, watching the Jackson Cup
2 Sir Louis Gluckstein
3 Curling in progress during the Jackson Cup



4 Miss Sara Jane Corbett and Miss Susan Morley
 5 Mr. James Niven, a member of the
 St. Moritz Curling Club
 6 Mrs. Max Jaffa, also a member of the Club,
 competing in the Jackson Cup
 7 Mrs. Fred Krabbé

The view from Wengen

It includes a great many British faces. Wengen was one of the first Swiss resorts to become fashionable, and is still one of those places people like to go back to

- 1 Penny and Sarah Miles from Co. Louth
- 2 Mrs. Stanley Walduck with her children Stephen, Tom and Victoria
- 3 Mr. John Rigby, of the British Olympic team, signing an autograph for Isabel Mabey, a Downhill Only junior
- 4 Sir Peter Roberts, M.P. for Sheffield (Heeley), and Lady Roberts, Deborah, Rebecca and Sam Roberts and Mr. & Mrs. Claude Maurin (formerly Miss Jane Roberts)
- 5 The Aga Khan took part in the Lauberhorn race—he plans to give up ski-ing at the end of the season to concentrate on his racing interests



The velvet touch that means St. Moritz

by Muriel Bowen

Life at St. Moritz has a velvet luxury. More than any of the other ski resorts it has the ability to combine the informal and the luxurious without debasing either. A particularly happy knack in a changing world.

Arriving as the sun set, I took one of the horsedrawn sleighs at the station and rode up to Suvretta House. These sleighs are a feature of St. Moritz. They are a vivid red and lined with thick fur rugs. Bells jingle on the harness and the

horses progress along the snow as deftly as the skiers. The pines round Suvretta were bathed in the golden light of the setting sun. Inside the orchestra was playing for a very English afternoon tea. This is a special year at the hotel as it is celebrating its centenary.

SCOTS WERE UNWARY

In the morning I visited the St. Moritz Curling Club. Not so long ago the Scots were the leading curlers at St. Moritz. Then they taught the game to the Swiss, who now beat them every time. Not that anybody cares much about that. They all have a lot of fun. The St. Moritz Curling Club is very English, though one does see other nationalities there from time to time. "English visitors need not be afraid to come and join even if they are novices—we welcome them all," LADY GLUCKSTEIN told me. In a way she has a vested interest in new members, for she is the club's honorary treasurer.

MR. JOHN WOLLAM, M.P.; MRS. FRED KRABBÉ; MR. HENRY MARTINEAU; MR. & MRS. JOHN M. HYSLOP; and jockey DOUG SMITH and his wife, PAT, both very good curlers, were all having a go and appreciating the fact that the ice was very keen.

The shy and timid need to pick their curling sides carefully. The skip of one team called out to MR. ERNEST SILBERMAN: "Get after it Ernest. You

need to put much more into it!" SIR JAMES CORRY, Bt., on the other hand always managed a word of encouragement to his side even when the stone was way off target. Curling is not unlike bowls except that it is more difficult. SIR LOUIS GLUCKSTEIN, Q.C., demonstrated the strategy of the game to me with the aid of a bowl of sugar lump on the afternoon tea table.

THE DUKE'S DISAPPOINTMENT

THE DUKE OF KENT and the DUCHESS, recently returned from Hong Kong, were staying in a small hotel in the village where his mother stayed as a girl. He had come to St. Moritz to compete in the Army ski championships. Instead he hobbled into meals on elbow-length crutches after a fall put him out of the running.

The limping injured were not nearly so numerous as in other years. They were also more determined. Squads of them turned up every night at a new night spot called the King's Club. Here until 3 a.m. or thereabouts, and with the aid of their partners, they managed a quite creditable performance of new *avant-garde* dance numbers from New York such as the Sugar Shack.

There were some spectacular falls at high speed in the Downhill section of the Army ski championships, but, apart from a Canadian competitor who injured his shoulder, no serious damage was



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PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

done to the 100 racers. It was a difficult course calling for good technique and racing experience.

Mr. ALEX MONTGOMERIE won for the 9th/12th Lancers, followed 10 seconds behind by Mr. DAVID FREETH, 40th Regiment, R.A., who had the disadvantage of going first and therefore not knowing what time he had to beat. PRINCE MICHAEL OF KENT, racing for the 11th Hussars, put up a very competent performance for a skier with little racing experience. Cheers rang out as he went through the final control gate. With his enthusiasm for the social as well as the sporting life of the village he is very popular in St. Moritz.

THE CRESTA WAKES UP

At the Cresta Run I found spectators drinking hot chocolate in the new clubhouse and watching the riders through the big plate glass windows. Before it was built spectators had to be dedicated creatures, impervious to cold and happily scornful of the ordinary comforts of life. Now, with the clubhouse, and a catering staff from the Kulm Hotel, all that is changed and one can watch in comfort.

A couple of days before there had been a bad accident. Mr. JOHN DE LA MOTTE, who had fallen off his toboggan, was hit by the next rider, who came off at the same place. His mother, Mrs. EDWARD DE LA MOTTE, had him flown to

Zurich by special plane and then on to London. Before doing so she told me how wonderful the doctors had been to her son in the local clinic. His broken jaw and facial injuries are now healing, but it will be some time before he is out of hospital.

Though there is no bringing to a halt the years of success Mr. NINO BIBBIA has had on the Cresta, British riders are having a good year. Mr. J. G. JEANS took the Seniors' Trophy and there were many good young racers, including, Mr. ROGER GIBBS, who is the Cresta's most indefatigable money-raiser; Mr. W. L. MATHER; Mr. COLIN MITCHELL; and the EARL OF LUCAN.

THREE-MONTH PAGEANT

At Christmas each year the society pageant unrolls at Suvretta House and continues non-stop until early March. There are candlelight dinners, gala evenings and scintillating displays on ice. Staying while I was there, or immediately before, were LORD BUCKHURST, Mr. & Mrs. KENNETH CRAGGS from Northumberland; Miss MINJA IVANOVIC; Mr. & Mrs. JOHN LEMOS, who told me that they were dividing their honeymoon between St. Moritz and Paris; Mr. & Mrs. DONALD McCOWEN and their family from Hampshire; Mr. & Mrs. ANGUS MACKINNON; Mr. PHILIP GOODHART, M.P. & Mrs. GOODHART and their children; and SIR NORMAN WATSON, Bt.

SUNDAY EVENING RALLY

The Schweizerhof Hotel on a Sunday evening is a great gathering place for the British, with its superb buffet set up in the candlelit dining room. The night I went along I saw LORD & LADY WAKEFIELD OF KENDAL; CAPT. DAREL CAREY; Mr. ANDREW PARKER BOWLES; and two of the prettiest girls in St. Moritz, Miss SUSAN MORLEY and Miss SARA JANE CORBETT. They were all staying at the Schweizerhof, as was MAJOR ANTHONY MORGAN, who has taken over from the redoubtable COL. BILL MURPHY as Ski Club of Great Britain representative in St. Moritz.

With the number of parents bringing their children who go up each year, holding tests is a colossal job for the Ski Club rep. Major Morgan told me he had just taken 60 tests and about 50 per cent of those taking part had been successful.

Still more at St. Moritz were SIR JOHN POWER, Bt., ski-ing for the first time; Mr. JOHN CRAIGIE; SIR IAN ORR-EWING, Bt., M.P. & LADY ORR-EWING with two of their sons, MALCOLM and ROBERT; and the very chic Mrs. DAVID WOLFSON, the former Patricia Rawlings. Most people go to St. Moritz to enjoy the winter sports and the sun. PRINCE TASSILO FÜRSTENBERG from Austria, told me that the thing he enjoys most each day is a Turkish bath followed by a swim in ice-cold water!



Dance for three schools

The annual dinner-dance of the Downside, Ascot and Ampleforth Schools was held at Grosvenor House. It combined the qualities of a pleasant evening out—this year there was a steel band—with a reunion of old boys of the schools

1 Miss Harriet Hubbard. 2 Mr. Archie Brain and Miss Amanda Farley-Watson. 3 Miss Maureen Havill and Mr. Robert Stephens. 4 Dr. Walsh Waring and Miss Olivia Stephens. 5 The Earl of Lytton. 6 Mr. & Mrs. David Peake. He is the son and secretary of Mr. Harold Peake, chairman of Lloyds Bank



Party in a new tower

New Zealand Day was celebrated by a reception at New Zealand House, that recent addition to London's skyscraper-line in the Haymarket. Hosts were the High Commissioner of New Zealand and Lady Macdonald, and their guests included the Duke of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Glenconner and Sir Martin Gilliat



1 Sir Denis Rickett, Second Secretary of the Treasury. 2 Sir Robert Matthew, architect of New Zealand House, and Lady Matthew. 3 Sir Thomas Macdonald, High Commissioner for New Zealand, and Lady Macdonald were hosts at the reception. 4 Mrs. Leslie Farmiloe, the Mayoress of Westminster, and Mrs. John Butler. 5 Lady Hacking and Mrs. Maurice Lee. 6 Sir Ian and Lady MacLennan. He is the new U.K. High Commissioner in New Zealand

Scots Hawaii

The theme of this year's annual dinner-dance of the American Society in Scotland was Hawaiian Fling. The atmosphere was aided by lively dressing-up and Planters' Punch served in coconut shells. Proceeds of the evening in Glasgow went to two Scottish charities

- 1 Mr. Thomas de Pauw, President of the American Society in Scotland, with his wife
- 2 Mr. & Mrs. G. V. Crolla; Mrs. Crolla was chairman of the ball committee
- 3 Mrs. Frankie Lindsay watching Mrs. Joan Irving spin the Whisky Wheel, which picked the winners of bottle prizes
- 4 Mrs. Rodger McAslan in a quick-spelling contest
- 5 Mrs. W. F. Holbrook, wife of the American Consul in Glasgow



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN





6 Mr. William Merrilees, Chief Constable of East Lothian, one of the guests of honour, and Mrs. Mimi Guidi
7 Mr. & Mrs. J. M. O'Brien

Letter from Scotland

A pleasant—though completely uncontrived—tribute to Shakespeare in his quatercentenary year has been paid by that tremendously popular novelist, Mary Stewart. Her latest novel of suspense, which will appear as a serial in April, in book form later, is set on the island of Corfu, often supposed to be the island of *The Tempest*. She has chosen as the title *This Rough Magic*, a quotation from one of Prospero's speeches. The book will be published in the United States in the autumn and it has already been named as the American Literary Guild's choice for September.

FILMING IN CRETE

Mrs. Stewart's most recently published book *The Moon Spinners*, set in Crete, has been filmed by Walt Disney and it should be released in the late spring. "I am looking forward to seeing what his cameramen do with Crete," says Mrs. Stewart. Though she was born in the south, Edinburgh now claims Mrs. Stewart as her own—after all her husband is a professor at the University and she has written most of her best work there.

I've never known anyone with less tendency to rest on recent laurels than this writer. She tells me gaily that she's just had the house redecorated and that she has two more novels in mind. "With the painters, the electric-

ians and the plumbers all howling round the house, suddenly an idea came to me, she said—making it sound a perfectly normal happening. One of the new books is to be a historical novel. "It's something I've wanted to write for a long time," Mrs. Stewart says. The other will be in her more usual, suspenseful style. It will be set in Austria which she is planning to visit this summer.

THE LADY FOR THE LORDS

An Act of Parliament six years ago enabled life peeresses, but not hereditary peeresses, to sit in the House of Lords. Last year the Peerage Act 1963 opened the doors to all British hereditary peeresses and all Scottish peers. (Formerly there were only sufficient seats to accommodate 16 elected representatives from the Scottish peers.)

"Now that the whole lot are coming, the House of Lords wants to know that they are genuine," is how I had the situation put to me recently. Apparently the possibility of the wrong person infiltrating is not so far-fetched as one might suppose. Some sort of machinery was evidently necessary to decide just exactly what and who is a Scottish peer. The machinery has taken the form of the Committee of Privileges which has now ponderously recommended that "proof of matriculation of arms before the Court of the Lord Lyon King of Arms—was sufficient evidence of entitlement to that peerage—."

But that doesn't mean that they're all now out of the wood and into the Lords—there's still more red tape. One of the hereditary peeresses, the Countess of Erroll, who is Scotland's Hereditary Lord

High Constable, has even had to send to Kenya for her birth certificate!

NO DATE SET

No one yet knows when the newly admitted peers and peeresses will take their seats. Some, of course, are more eager to do so than others. "I will take up my seat from a sense of duty, not because I am politically minded," the Countess of Erroll told me. "I am more interested in children than in politics." She has three, whose ages range from 15 to eight, so, this is scarcely to be wondered at.

A SCHOOLGIRL ROMANCE

Preparations are going ahead now at Craigston Castle, Aberdeenshire, the home of Major and Mrs. Bruce Urquhart, for the marriage in the spring of their eldest daughter, Holly, to Signor Fabrizio Pratesi of Rome.

The wedding will be in the Roman Catholic Church, Portsoy, and the reception—about 300 guests are expected—will be held at Craigston Castle.

"It's quite a small castle really," said Mrs. Urquhart, "but we're hoping not to need a marquee." The castle has belonged to the Urquhart family since it was built in 1590, so Holly will go from a very old home to a very new one, for her architect fiancé is now building their house on the outskirts of Rome. This is a city she already knows well, for she went to school in Rome—in fact, she first met her fiancé while she was still a schoolgirl—and until last Christmas, when she came home, she was working in an art gallery there.

J.P.

The Alpine Disciplines

In the 1936 Olympic Games the downhill and slalom races, new as Olympic events, were called the Alpine Disciplines. Now the words have a wider meaning—the stark build-up of bone and muscle and nerve that culminates in championship events. The last pre-Olympic races this year should have been the Hahnenkamm at Kitzbühel, but lack of snow stopped play and the focus was switched to the Tre-Tre races at Madonna di Campiglio. There the individual races were won by two West Germans, but the Combined events fell to Karl Schranz, closely seconded by Egon Zimmermann, two zooming Austrian favourites for Olympic medals. Four members of the British Olympic team took part, with John Rigby and Jonathan Taylor putting up the best performances. After Madonna di Campiglio the British skiers moved to St. Moritz for final training and, in some cases, participation in the Army Ski Championships

- 1 Lt. A. Montgomerie, winner of the Downhill and Slalom races in the Army Ski championships at St. Moritz
 2 Egon Zimmermann, who came second in the combined Tre-Tre races
 3 Karl Schranz of Austria at Madonna di Campiglio—he won the combined races
 4 Jonathan Taylor of the British Olympic team, at Madonna di Campiglio

- 5 Piers de Westenholz during the Army Downhill race at St. Moritz
 6 Bud Werner of the United States Olympic Ski team at Madonna di Campiglio
 7 Prince Michael of Kent, a competitor in the Army downhill race at St. Moritz, but here a gatekeeper in the Slalom
 8 Francois Bonlieu of France at Madonna di Campiglio; he later won the Olympic Giant Slalom
 9 Ian McCormick at Madonna di Campiglio





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The jigsaw complete

In the last of his two articles on **New York Revisited** Charles Graves finds his feet in Manhattan



The change in Manhattan's skyline is not really so noticeable to the returned traveller as New Yorkers suppose. The one exception is the Pan-American building on the top of the Grand Central Station which completely alters the view along Park Avenue. Social changes are many in the past 17 years.

In those days there was practically no television. Today it carries through from 6 a.m. to a final programme beginning at 4.30 a.m., one of the most popular being the "Tonight Show" which begins at 11.30 p.m. and continues until 1 a.m.

While men's clothes have improved enormously, I must report that there are only six shops in the whole of New York where you can buy a common or garden collar. Practically all shirts have collars attached, including the evening dress variety.

There is now actually one hotel, the Lowell, where you can leave your shoes outside the bedroom door, as in England, so that they can be cleaned next morning. There is only one hotel, the Delmonico, where they have a concierge instead of a superintendent of services.

All big buildings and most clubs still have air raid shelters just as we did in the war. At the Cosmopolitan Club there is a list of instructions including one which tells you *to close your eyes tightly and relax*.

Prices have rocketed. On Park Avenue a handkerchief costs 22s. and a tie over

£3 10s. The latest piece of merchandise is a touchstone made of onyx which is supposed to bring you serenity at a cost of \$5.

The latest cigarette, costing 50 per cent more than others, is guaranteed to allow only a $\frac{1}{2}$ milligram of nicotine to pass through the filter. It is almost impossible to buy, such is the demand for it.

Across the wider avenues are green lights which say "walk" and which then go red with the warning "don't walk." An excellent idea.

Everybody seems to be having babies and announcing the fact about seven months before the blessed event, thanks to the Rabbit Test. Princess Alexandra, the Queen and Princess Margaret are making pregnancy more and more fashionable.

There is a revival of "Knock knock who's there?" The latest is "I'se" with the added remark "I'se yo' new neighbour!" a comment on the controversial subject of negroes and whites living in the same streets and even under the same roofs.

Another fad is the elephant story: thus, "How can you tell if an elephant has been in your refrigerator?" The answer is "By its footprints on the butter." Or, "How do you put five elephants in a Volkswagen?" The answer is "Two in front and three behind." Any day now they will be reviving limericks.

After a month, the jigsaw puzzle of New York falls neatly into place.

Things I had forgotten department:

that if you ask a telephone operator to get you a number she will say, "Surely" and if you say "Thank you," she and liftmen and everyone else including shopgirls, say "You're welcome." And that all shop assistants are immensely courteous and helpful by comparison with the take-it or leave-it attitude which is still fairly common in England.

That Fifth Avenue is barely 25 yards across—about as wide as Regent Street.

That you can regulate almost exactly the length of time it takes to reach any given point on foot. (You allow one minute for each block between streets and two minutes for each block between Avenues. 20 blocks between streets equals one mile).

That New York is charity conscious to an extreme degree: the newspapers publish photographs every day of hostesses discussing plans for the latest ball, usually at 50 dollars per ticket. As for debutantes, the *New York Times* on Sunday will carry over a dozen pages of their pert little faces, though seldom of the fiancés.

That American shellfish dishes and salads are immensely superior to ours, though their fish with rare exceptions is more or less tasteless, like the flounder, which is their flabby equivalent of our plaice.

That cigarettes are far cheaper and that book-matches proliferate in a positively indecent way. It is my sincere belief that if you leave three book matches overnight in



your bedroom you will find five next morning. Put it another way. It is absolutely unnecessary to keep a daily diary of your movements in New York. All you do is to make a pile of your book matches and then sort them out. Not only do restaurants, clubs, hotels, and tobacconists give them to you. Antique dealers, interior decorators, grocers, anyone you visit or with whom you do business, present you with them. In front of me is a small mound. Let me go through them.

Frankly, the first one baffles me. It just says "Thank you" and shows a little man with the ears of a satyr. After that come others from the Jug End in the Berkshires, the Four Seasons in New York, El Morocco, the University Club, the Colony Hotel in Palm Beach, where I have never been, Chez Vito (excellent place for romantic couples), the Pool Room, which I've never visited so far as I know, "Second City"—an off-Broadway theatre, one which just says airily "Save time and trouble. Use name labels," the Knott Hotels, another with an heraldic M, Sardi's, Voisin, Overseas Press Club, Restaurant Mayan, Gotham, Shurfine Coffee, Fruits and Vegetables, Florida Information Bureau, Ragamont Inn, Columbia University Club, one with Vividamus Animi (whatever that means) on it, Passy, le Pavillon, Pierre, Plaza Oakroom, King's Court, Springdale Golfclub, James Amster and the Metropolitan Club. As a visitor on my own, I

find this great fun. But for many married men living in New York, this habit of acquiring book matches has had dire consequences. Any suspicious wife with a grain of commonsense goes through her husband's pockets not for love letters but for little folded bits of cardboard denoting a surreptitious visit to a sexy nite-club.

Other things I had forgotten: the genuinely dangerous squalls which can blow a girl right off her feet when they come swirling down one of the man-made canyons, such as between East 56th and 5th Avenue, particularly when a hurricane is in the neighbourhood; the jets of steam which gush out from gratings in some of the smartest thoroughfares, enveloping the pedestrian; the fact that, in spite of the absence of chimneys in the central part of New York, your fingernails become grubbier more quickly than they do even in the City of London; that the outskirts look at least as poverty stricken as our own East End; that the open air ice-skating rink at the Rockefeller Plaza, where many of the skaters are negro children despite the price of 10s. an hour, is open all the year round; that it takes eight months to get the simplest will probated; that managing directors seldom reach the office later than 8.30 a.m.; and finally that the air is so vital, despite the alleged smog, that you do not need more than four hours sleep a night compared with my personal minimum of eight in London.

Books of matches provide an automatic diary of time spent in New York. Not only do clubs and restaurants give them (*centre picture*) but also anyone with whom you might do even the most ordinary business, such as the hairdresser (*above*) whose salon has an almost Edwardian ambience. Automatic shopping is something else that New Yorkers foster on every corner. And even in deep snow (*opposite page*) the ice cube slot machine is brightly lit for potential trade

19 FEBRUARY 1945



THE ACTION TAKES PLACE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAHAM SMITH-ATTWOOD,
WORDS BY CHARMIAN TATE

It's probably still true that a designer is only as good as the director will allow him to be, but this has not stifled recent advances in his field. New concepts in writing, direction and lighting, the architectural re-thinking of theatres themselves—as evidenced at Chichester, Nottingham and in London at the Mermaid—have given designers a scope undreamed of even 30 years ago. In those days one had to search the small print of theatre programmes to find the designer's name; today his visual presentation of a play can change its whole shape. Our grandfathers refused the revolutionary ideas of men like Gordon Craig—he had to go to Europe to find recognition—but today's audiences will accept back projections, mobile scenery, the packing-case settings of Sean Kenny and a darkened stage as natural concomitants of modern theatre.

The designer's role demands the gift of imagination, the ability to make a rapid assessment of a particular problem and to improvise as needed. In the beginning he will read the script several times before seeing the director to discuss their joint views on the action of the play. At this stage the director may want some quick changes, doorways widened enough to take two people abreast, other seemingly small points which the designer will have to take into account when producing his working drawings. From these a model is made, and not until the director and designer are completely satisfied with all the modifications

will the play go into rehearsal and the contractor be hired to build and paint the scenery.

Many designers prefer to make the costumes for period productions and to choose ready-made clothes for modern plays, so numerous fittings have to be attended. Improvisation may enter with the discovery on a pre-London tour that the set does not fit some stages, hydraulic problems of scenery movement may have to be resolved with the consultant engineer. The designer must always be available for conferences on these points. Film design needs a different approach. Because the camera's critical eye will pick up even small flaws, eventually to be enlarged on the screen, every detail must be perfect. The cinema is the medium of reality, so an art director may even have to build a town if a suitable location cannot be found. Even if satisfactory locations are found, buildings may need face lifts and interiors dummy walls to hide certain defects not in keeping with the requirements of the script.

Television requires the designer to work in exactly the opposite manner from the theatre. He must know how the action is being plotted by the director; it is only then that he can draw up plans to "house" a production.

A background which does not distract from the action means the designer has done his job successfully. If the scenery has added to the content of the performance, then the designer has integrated his ideas with the whole concept of the production and has contributed to making a complete work of art.

I design for the theatre without any great reverence for the old traditions:

says Sean Kenny (left), Dublin-trained architect who has become the most radical innovator in the theatre this century. "One spends half one's life and effort trying to outwit the proscenium arch," he says. Kenny once sailed to America in a small boat, with three friends, to study with Frank Lloyd Wright. "The logic of architecture is important to design; too often today design is illogical." Kenny likes to do his own lighting and is not interested in costume. "You occasionally have to compromise for various reasons, like money and lack of imagination in others," he says. Sean Kenny is a man who knows exactly what he wants from the theatre. "I want to make people aware that the theatre is not a building but negative space for a relationship between actor and audience; from this realization everything grows outwards." This is the man who has undoubtedly made the greatest contribution to change the shape of British theatre. Current designs are *Pickwick* at the Savile and *Oliver!* at the New

I try to concentrate on essentials:

says Tony Walton (right), designer of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* at the Strand Theatre. In recent years he has been doing shows in London and New York and has worked on opera, television and cinema. He trained in theatre design at the Slade School, became assistant designer at the Wimbledon Theatre, then went to America in 1956. Walton designed his first production off-Broadway in 1957, then did *Valmouth* here in 1959. He works hand in hand with his director and lighting designer and is one of the pioneers in the large-scale use of back projection in the theatre, using it first in the revue *One Over the Eight*. He likes to design costumes and set but: "I don't have much of a feeling for high fashion." When designing a production, "I'm trying more now to get things pared down to the bone." Feels no urge to lay down the law in the theatre, but says: "Due to the success of Sean Kenny, people are beginning to accept the possibilities of design looking like something other than a Rex Whistler pastiche." Would particularly like to design *Lear* or *Macbeth*



*I've never been really
satisfied with anything
I've done*

says Eileen Diss (*below*), who won the Guild of Television Producers and Directors Award for the best designer in television for 1962. Miss Diss, 33, is a product of television, where she began as an assistant designer after leaving the Central School of Arts and Crafts. She has since done plays, serials, light entertainment and 47 of the 52

Maigrets on B.B.C. television. Her main drawback—"One is starved of space. There is so much compromise. Too many things get in the way of putting one's original idea on to the screen, with the lack of resources and general electronic interference." It is essential for her to know what her director wants before she starts. "We must be able to work together sympathetically," She is interested in something other than realistic design and would like to do O'Neill or Shakespeare with "the imaginative treatment." She looks forward to the problems of colour television and would like to design for the cinema and the theatre, but: "I am more interested in the interpretation of the camera than setting a stage"





I don't consider set, costumes and direction as things apart—they are all part of the complete creation

says Franco Zeffirelli (left), director of the new productions of *Tosca* and *Rigoletto* at Covent Garden. It follows therefore that designers who work with him—as in the present cases—must have a visual conception approaching his own.

Realistic representation of a period is Zeffirelli's forte, as his Covent Garden productions of *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Don Giovanni*, and his Old Vic production of *Romeo & Juliet* reveal. But he has just completed a starkly simple *Hamlet* in Rome. "I am very keen to find new techniques and materials . . . I am never pleased with only one solution . . . I think any form of design succeeds if it works for the particular occasion."

He started as an actor and as an assistant film director; his first designs were for *A Streetcar Named Desire* directed by that other king of the Italian stage, Visconti. He wants to do more plays, but "I think I need to go more deeply into the theatre," he qualifies. Of the cinema: "I must complete my theatrical experience, but I am very attracted by it"

You must have an illusion in the theatre

says Hutchinson Scott (above), but adds: "I would attempt to do anything that helps the entertainment if it suited the play . . . one must have confidence in what one is doing, in close liaison with the director." His first work was done at the People's Theatre in Newcastle (he was born in Northumberland) after training at King Edward VII's School of Art and at Durham University. His first West End production was in 1945 and since then he has become a familiar name in theatre and television. He likes to design realistic sets that evoke atmosphere, but would use symbolism if he felt it would help the play. He also likes to design the costumes for period pieces and feels it essential to supervise the dressing of modern plays in order to ensure complete integration of the visual effect. "I have always attempted to retain versatility in the theatre," he claims and feels that many modern designers lack this quality

My problems are problems of the drawing board:

says **Ralph Brinton** (below) now 68 and the doyen of art directors in the British cinema. He designed his first picture in 1932 and, since the war, has 16 major films to his credit. Though he designed the films *Room at the Top*, *A Taste of Honey* and *Tom Jones*, he says, "I am beginning to become limited by my age" and is now turning to stage design. He is a fervent realist: "I think that the young designers should poke their noses into back alleys and find out how people live, because this is the New Wave. I think young art directors should get together, not in a sort of cultural clique, but to swap ideas and mediums"



I love doing costume:

says **Carl Toms** (right) who thinks that costumes and dressing on a stage are almost more important than the set itself. He was born in Nottinghamshire and has built up an impressive list of credits in theatre, television, opera and ballet, as well as making various sorties into interior decoration. He doesn't feel that illusion is all important and insists that "some plays don't call for illusion: Shakespeare doesn't really." He approves of symbolism and simplicity and thinks that back projection is useful for atmospheric effect, if it's in keeping with the play. "Some people pull too many tricks just to be different . . . I like opera most of all. Because it's an unrealistic medium in a way and also because one is not so tied down to doors and windows and can use one's imagination." When reading a script he notes mechanical requirements in conjunction with his director's wishes. Ideas do not always come easily, he admits. Would love to do a film again, and some Shakespeare



I approach designing as a job—and a pretty easy job:

says **Tod Kingman** (above), designer of the current Palladium show, *The Man in the Moon*. "I prefer spectaculars," he explains, and he is associated with this type of production having worked in night clubs, on the last 20 Palladium shows and on the *Folies Bergère* which he was responsible for bringing to London. He is, however, equally happy designing naturalistic and symbolic sets and would like to do some opera and ballet—but thinks he has been typed. He started at the *Trocadero* with the Hyem brothers, and is a firm believer in retaining the magic and illusion of the theatre. "The gimmicks in modern design are eventually going to run out," he feels. He likes to do smart, clean decorative sets and is currently involved in the lavish renovation of the *Prince of Wales Theatre's* stage for the new *Max Bygraves* show—which will be a spectacular



PRIVATE LIVES

THE LONDON COUTURE COLLECTIONS gave a backward glance—since confirmed by Paris—to the soft, narrow consciously elegant look of the 1930s. Designed for real lives and individual tastes, rather than explosive publicity, these are unaggressive clothes, perfectly suited to the English scene, and showing a sense of direction strong enough to persuade us away from the bold to the beautiful. The clothes were chosen by UNITY BARNES and photographed by John French Studios.

MICHAEL ON TOP OF HIS FORM THIS SEASON, GIVES PRIDE OF PLACE TO THE CARDIGAN SUIT, ADDING HIS OWN SIGNATURE WITH A GENTLY CURVED, BACK-DIPPING LINE. HIS PRETTIEST VERSION IS IN ROSY PINK WOOL BOUCLE BY PETILLAULT, LOOSELY BELTED, EDGED WITH PINK SILK, OVER A COUDURIER SILK BLOUSE WITH A SCARF LOOPED AT THE THROAT. CARAMEL STRAW HAT DESIGNED BY GRAHAM SMITH FOR MICHAEL. CREAM KID GLOVES BY MORLEY



TRADITIONAL NAVY BLUE AND WHITE MADE THEIR SPRINGTIME APPEARANCE EVERYWHERE

JOHN CAVANAGH IN A COLLECTION OF BEAUTIFULLY SPARE, SOPHISTICATED CLOTHES, CHOSE PETILLAULT'S NAVY-AND-WHITE CHECKED SILK FOR THIS SEVEN-EIGHTHS COAT WITH A BUCKLED WAISTBAND, OVER A LEAN LITTLE DRESS. THE HIGH-CROWNED TOPAZ STRAW HAT IS BY REED CRAWFORD FOR JOHN CAVANAGH. WHITE KID GLOVES BY KIR GLOVES

LACHASSE (RIGHT) SHOWED A COLLECTION FULL OF EASY-TO-WEAR SUITS AND WELL-SHAPED COATS. THIS ONE, CRISPPLY CARVED FROM CHATILLON, MOULY, ROUSSEL'S HEAVY WHITE CANVAS-WEAVE RAYON HAS A DRESS IN FINE BEIGE

WORSTED DOTTED WITH WHITE, BY HUREL. THE WIDE-BRIMMED STRAW HAT IS ALSO FROM LACHASSE

MICHAEL SHERARD (FAR RIGHT) USED WHITE LINEN TOO, BY MOREAU, FOR HIS YOUNG, CLEAN-CUT SUIT, THE JACKET SINGLE-BUTTONED OVER A PRINTED SILK BLOUSE IN BLUE AND GREEN, THE SKIRT WIDENING TO WALKING DISTANCE. BIG BLUE FELT HAT UNDER-BRIMMED WITH GREEN, BY SIMONE MIRMAN. GLOVES BY DENTS THE TENTH MEMBER OF THE INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF LONDON FASHION DESIGNERS, **CHARLES CREED**, WHO HAS JUST MOVED INTO NEW PREMISES AT 130 EBURY STREET, WILL BE SHOWING HIS COLLECTION FROM MONDAY, 2 MARCH





PRINTS RAN RIOT THROUGH THE COLLECTIONS, FOR EVERY HOUR OF THE DAY

HARDY AMIES (LEFT) CARRIES THE PRINT STORY THROUGH INTO THE EVENING, MAKING AN AT-HOME DRESS WITH SOFT, WIDENING SLEEVES IN A CREAMY SILK PRINTED WITH SWEET-PEA PINKS BY BIANCHINI. THE HIGH WAIST IS BANNED BY A DOUBLE ROULEAU BELT

RONALD PATERSON (RIGHT) EMPHASISED A MORE FITTED LINE AND OPENED HIS COLOURFUL SHOW WITH A GROUP OF GAILY PRINTED LINEN SUITS. THE MOST CHARMING OF THEM, IN NASTURTIUM COLOURS ON A FRENCH LINEN TOILE BY BIANCHINI, HAS A MATCHING OVERBLOUSE TO MAKE THE MOST OF A GOOD FABRIC. CARAMEL STRAW HAT WITH A ROLLED BRIM BY RONALD PATERSON. CREAMSUEDEGLOVESBYFOWNES

HARDY AMIES (BELOW), WHOSE COLLECTION INCLUDED DELICIOUS PRINTS FOR ALL TIMES OF DAY, USED A HEAVY LINEN AND FIBRANNE BY LABBEY IN A BIG SMUDGY PRINT OF COOL BLUES, PINK AND LILAC FOR A COAT WITH WIDENING SLEEVES OVER A STRAIGHT DRESS IN THE SAME MATERIAL. HIGH TURQUOISE STRAW HAT FROM HARDY AMIES







THE BIG RETURN OF THE LONG EVENING DRESS WAS CONFIRMED BY EVERY HOUSE IN TURN

MICHAEL (ABOVE LEFT) TRANSLATES HIS DISCIPLINED LINE INTO SOFTER FABRICS FOR EVENING, SHAPING HEAVY WHITE COTTON LACE, EMBROIDERED WITH CHALKY BEADS, INTO A LITTLE CROSS-OVER JACKET AND ADDING A GENTLY GORED ANKLE-LENGTH SKIRT IN CYCLAMEN PINK SILK FROM RENE VERON; THE SAME SILK MAKES THE LOOPED SASH. WHITE-BEADED TOPKNOT

ANGELE DELANGHE, (ABOVE RIGHT), WHO THIS SEASON CELEBRATES HER 25TH ANNIVERSARY AS A COUTURIERE BY ADDING A GROUP OF YOUNG, BUDGET-PRICED CLOTHES TO HER COLLECTION, MAKES A FIRST-SEASON BALL DRESS IN SWISS EMBROIDERED ORGANDIE BY FORSTER WILLI, PALEST BLUE ON WHITE, WITH A NARROW BLUE RIBBON SASH LOOPED LOW AT THE BACK, BLUE SATIN HEMBAND

MATTLI'S (LEFT) VERY FEMININE, SLENDER DRESSES AND NARROW-SHOULDERED SUITS WERE PORCELAIN-PALE ALTERNATING WITH FIRECRACKER DISPLAYS OF COLOUR. HIGH-

SPOT OF HIS APPEALING EVENING DRESSES WAS EMPIRE-STYLED IN WHITE SILK JERSEY BY MOREAU, WITH A SHALLOW, FINELY-GATHERED BODICE ABOVE A FREE-FALLING SKIRT. DIAMOND AND GOLD JEWELLERY BY HOOPER BOLTON

HARTNELL, (FAR LEFT) WHO ALSO SHOWED THIS TIME AN ATTRACTIVE RANGE OF YOUNG, READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHES FROM HIS NEW PETIT SALON, MADE A GLOWINGLY COLOURFUL COLLECTION FOR HIS GRAND SALON. HIS TIERED, SLIM EVENING DRESS IN DUCHARNE'S WHITE SILK CREPE, PUNCTUATED BY SMALL BOWS AT THE SIDE, WAS COVERED BY A DRAMATIC SLEEVELESS, FLOOR-LENGTH COAT IN PURPLE SILK

THESE PHOTOGRAPHS, AND THOSE ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES, WERE TAKEN AT THE HOME OF MRS. PENELOPE KITSON IN CAMPDEN HILL PLACE. MRS. KITSON IS ARRANGING THE BERKELEY DEBUTANTE DRESS SHOW IN APRIL IN AID OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

ALL HAIRSTYLES BY JOSEPH AT RICHARD HENRY, SLOANE SQUARE



JOHN CAVANAGH SHOWED SILK TUNICS AND TROUSERS AND NARROW COVERED-UP DRESSES FOR EVENINGS AT HOME. MORE FORMALLY, HE USES PETILLAULT'S WHITE SILK CHIFFON, GLITTERING WITH CRYSTAL EMBROIDERY, FOR AN ENCHANTING GERTRUDE LAWRENCE DRESS



City rustics leave whisk brooms lying around in tiled courts, spread country cottage bedspreads and go shopping with baskets woven in the Fens. The main attraction of these homely objects is that they have a touchable, hand-made quality missing in modern interiors.

Bedspread woven in stylized processions of birds and flowers is coloured in petunia pink, orangeade or blue on white. Made in Portugal in heavy woven cotton, the single bed size costs 39s. 6d. at John Lewis. Whisk broom that is just as good for the garden as the house from hardware departments. Five foot high: about 8s. 11d.

Fruit-picking basket in two tones of biscuit is woven in Somerset: 17s. 6d. Honey and brown glazed coffee mug and saucer, 10s. 3d.; coffee pot, £1 6s. 6d., and mug, 9s. 9d.; by Rye Pottery. All at Sumas, 31 Paddington Street. Sunny orange lacquered wastepaper basket in a towering shape: 57s. 6d. at Heal's. Sunflower at Dodo: 17s. 6d.

PHOTOGRAPH: TESSA GRIMSHAW

RUSTICATED

on plays

THE MARROW OF GREATNESS

All my life I have been an enthusiastic theatregoer and I don't remember ever having seen anything like Mr. Edward Albee's play, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* now at the Piccadilly Theatre. For this is nothing short of a tremendous play: one that seems to give a new dimension to the theatre and one that will certainly mark an epoch in theatrical time so that one may even come to dating productions as pre- or post-W.A.O.V.W.

And what is it all about? Well, simply this. A college professor and his wife come back to their house after a party given by the president of the university, the wife's father. They are both a little tight but, it seems, good-humoured. They start—in the American idiom—kidding back and forth and it begins as nothing more than an amusing scene though gradually the kidding becomes more savage, the claws begin to show and there is an edge to every line, revealing her as contemptuous of his near-failure and him as bitter about her imagined superiority. Though it is two

o'clock in the morning Martha has invited two guests to join them: a younger biology don and his little wife. They arrive, with hilarious effect, at the very climax of a row, but Martha and George snap back into their party manners, the first of an endless sequence of drinks is produced and the conversation becomes uneasily general. It is then that, in terms of Mr. Albee's inventive genius, they begin to play the word games which are to bring the night, not to the brink of disaster, but right into the heart of tragedy.

The first is called Humiliating the Host and Martha is brilliant at it; coarse, even obscene, often witty and as articulate as the devil. This exercise is followed in an apparently familiar pattern by Hopping the Hostess, an enterprise in which the younger man is lamentably unsuccessful and earns Martha's highly vocal scorn. With a kind of mad logic the next play is Getting the Guests, a process during which the visitors are shown the real indignity of their situation and the young wife is disclosed

as a brandy drunkard with a neurotic fear of bearing children. Everyone in turn is a victim, but never a passive one. Each of them fights back and in fighting helps to tear off another protective layer of convention or habit. Finally there is only one game left to play and this could be called Killing the Child.

George and Martha have never been able to have children, but they have invented a dream son who would now be 21 and of whom they have promised to talk only between themselves. When Martha begins to babble about him to their visitors, George takes his last revenge—the last because it is totally destructive. They have already in the course of the long night declared total war on each other and this is its culmination. George invents a Western Union messenger with a telegram to announce the boy's death and forces Martha, in the fantasy world where they have lived so long, to accept its truth. There is no more son to be their joy or to add to their torment, for they have used this creation as yet another means of reviling each other, and Martha is reduced to complete hopelessness and to terror of the future. The last scene in which she huddles on the floor and, the guests escaped from the house, her husband asks her, quite

tenderly, how she is, ranks as one of the most moving, almost ravaging that I have ever seen.

The three acts, called successively *Fun and Games*, *Walgurnisnacht* and *The Exorcism*, have a terrible aptness in their titles. Together they make up a process beside which a psycho-analyst's couch would be as gay a resting-place as Cleopatra's barge. The stripping here is a flaying, down to the bones and inside the bones, as the playwright says, to the marrow itself. It should be intolerable but, because of Mr. Albee's genius, it is not. A proof of that is the audience who applaud and cheer to the echo. Quite simply, this is a great play.

It would be impossible to imagine any other players but Miss Uta Hagen and Mr. Arthur Hill (from the original New York cast) in the two principal parts. They live their roles superbly, and one can well understand why there is separate matinée casting for these parts. No actor or actress could be expected to sustain the physical and emotional effort twice in 24 hours. Mr. Alan Schneider's direction is faultless, a marvel of natural movement and quick reactions. But above all it is the play itself which triumphs in its wit, profundity and, bitter as it is, its humanity. I can only say again: this is a great play.



Uta Hagen and Arthur Hill (left) are the principal players in Edward Albee's play *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* They left the New York production—which is still running—to appear in London. With them is Richard Easton who with Beverlee McKinsey completes the cast of four

on films

SEND-UP FOR SERIOUS SWEDES

The Swedes take themselves very seriously and would, I am sure, frown sternly on any film that openly made fun of Nobel Week in Stockholm — the solemn occasion, only slightly tinged with smugness, when Sweden benignly gives its encouragement to the Arts and Sciences in the form of a substantial cash award to persons of distinction in these fields of endeavour.

The late Mr. Mark Robson, who directed *The Prize*, seems to have been torn between an understandable temptation to pull the Swedish leg (which is as stiff in its way as the British upper lip) and a desire to tread on nobody's toes—as umbrage taken in high places might prejudice the film's chances in the austerest of Scandinavian countries. Long stretches of the film are quite as hilarious as any James Bond epic, others, though somewhat preposterous, rather hint that it would be unmannerly to laugh at them. So what? So I was unmannerly.

Of the six Nobel prizewinners who arrive in Stockholm to collect their awards, only Mr. Paul Newman, as the American novelist who's won the prize for literature, seems indifferent to the honour to be conferred upon him. (Mr. Newman hams the part as if to show, rather condescendingly I thought, that he only took it for a lark—or maybe just for the money.) He arrives drunk at the airport and is given Fraulein Elke Sommer of the Swedish Foreign Office as a chaperon—which is more than he deserves.

Mr. Edward G. Robinson figures as an amiable, German-born naturalized American—the Physics award winner—whose devotion to the country of his adoption is touching. Mr. Kevin McCarthy, as an American doctor, is livid at having to share the prize for Medicine with Signor Sergio Fantoni, an Italian medico whom he regards as an ideapinching charlatan. The winners of the Chemistry prize are M. Gerard Oury and delicious Mlle. Micheline Presle, a married couple who work together but sleep apart. (M. Oury travels his mistress with him: she's voluptuous Mlle. Jacqueline Beer.)

At a decidedly edgy press conference, Mr. Newman snarl-

ingly reveals that he wrote his "great anti-Fascist novel" five years ago, and has since been churning out detective fiction for a living. Impudently challenged to prove his ability to think up thrillers, Mr. Newman suggests that the Mr. Robinson attending the conference is an impostor, substituted for the real Mr. Robinson, whom he met last night, by persons unknown. Everybody except Mr. R. is politely amused.

A mystery telephone-call next day persuades Mr. Newman that he has hit upon the truth. In a Stockholm back-streets flat, a dying man (whose body naturally vanishes before Mr. Newman can call the cops) tips him off that Mr. Robinson has been kidnapped. Within minutes Mr. Newman is hurled from a skyscraper into the canal, and before he is able to rescue Mr. R. from the ship that's to bear him Russia-wards (the plot against him is of course Communist), the exasperated novelist is nearly run down by would-be assassins in a car, chased into a nudist meeting, and goodness knows what all.

The right Mr. Robinson, beaming though dishevelled, receives his prize from the King of Sweden, and it's now up to a sinister Russian agent (M. Sacha Pitoeff) to eliminate the luckless impostor. He does. As the wrong Mr. Robinson dies he takes off his false beard and utters, in an aggrieved voice, the immortal line: "I'm just an actor who specializes in political roles." Even with its occasional lapses into gravity (of which this, I trust, was not supposed to be one) the film is jolly good entertainment: if Mr. Newman had played it straighter, it could have been even better.

All the human beings in Mr. Walt Disney's latest film, *The Incredible Journey*, look like well-meaning, untalented amateurs—but that doesn't really matter. The real stars are Luath, a golden Labrador retriever, Bodger, a ccsy old white bull terrier, and Tao, an enchanting, nimble, highly vocal Siamese cat—and they never put a paw wrong.

The story (based on Miss Sheila Burnford's book) of how these three animals, on their own, made their way home across some 250 miles of wild,

wooded and mountainous territory in north-western Canada is enthralling. The cat is unquestionably the hero of this amazing adventure. He keeps the little party supplied with food by fishing and hunting small game, he shows his mettle in encounters with a huge she-bear and a marauding lynx, and when the dogs have been picked up by a kindly farmer and shut in his barn for safe-keeping, it's Tao who deftly lifts the barn-door latch and liberates them so that they can continue their journey.

In everything they do, Luath, Bodger and Tao—cat of infinite resource and sagacity—are completely natural. I cannot think how the director, Mr. Fletcher Markle, extracted such flawless performances from them. Perhaps he prefers animals to people. He certainly had no luck at all with his two-legged actors.

In Signor Vittorio de Seta's beautiful and tragic film, *Bandits at Orgosolo*, a Sardinian peasant boy asks his older brother, a shepherd, "Can you be put in prison if you are innocent?" The reply is "Of

course." It comes as a bleak statement of fact—and is the key to the whole sad and bitter story. The shepherd, grazing his meagre flock in the Sardinian uplands, reluctantly allows three bandits to rest at his fold. When the police come, walking menacingly up the hillside, the bandits escape; the shepherd, knowing he will be accused of complicity for harbouring them (even against his will), becomes a fugitive, too.

He drives his sheep over the mountains. Before they reach the good pastures on the plains, the poor, ill-fed beasts die. Through his (justified) distrust of the police, the shepherd has lost all he ever had. There is nothing for it but for him, an honest man up to now, to turn bandit.

The acting of the Sardinian peasants (there are no professional actors in the film) is superb.

The New Angels is a glib semi-documentary about what Italian Youth has to put up with. Ageing British film critics have a good deal to put up with, too—come to that.



Paul Newman as the American winner of the Nobel prize for literature hoists himself to a hiding place during one of the adventures he gets into in *The Prize*, while proving he is as good at getting involved in thrillers as he is at writing them

on books

A FAVOURITE GIRL—& OTHERS

No murderer returns more delightedly and inevitably to the scene of his crime than the Oxford graduate turned novelist hurries back, weeping and sobbing and carrying on, to Oxford. It is my proud duty to announce that ladies are in no way so soppy. Miss Margaret Forster, my favourite girl this month, went to a grammar school in Carlisle and took an open scholarship to Somerville to read History and dreaming spires are nothing to her. The cool, depressed heroine of her novel **Dames' Delight** (Cape 18s.) is a grammar school girl from the north at what is obviously Somerville (and some rather bizarre digs) reading History on a scholarship. Her first year is sustained by the help of a scholarly nymphomaniac, a brilliant but certainly very strange scholar with problems of communication, and several deeply unsatisfactory young men. The awfulness of college rooms, the horribleness of Oxford societies, the pretentiousness and the aimless eddying about, the frenzy of tutorials and the ghastly female tension of waiting for straight-talkings-to and end-of-term reports, the sad and vague recognition of real, unmistakable scholarship, all are recorded with the terrible gleam of truth, haunting and inescapable as the watery gleam on the skin of a decaying fish.

The whole book is marvelously funny, especially as events and attitudes are recorded through the cold eye and Buster Keaton-like gloom of the I-figure, who isn't taken in by a thing and records Oxford as dispassionately and with as much black un-affection as her home in the north. The only lack for me was the ghost of a plot—as little actually happens in the book as does in fact ever happen in one's first year, and I would have preferred to have been guided by a thread slightly stronger than the erratic course of Morag Graham's gloomier instincts. Still, this is no time to start complaining. *Dames' Delight* is very cross and fiercely funny, and Miss Forster, who seems to be a pretty girl, doesn't even have her photograph on the jacket to help along the book's sales.

She seems fine to me.

Doris Leslie's **This for Caroline** (Heinemann 21s.) is the appalling story of poor Lady Caroline Lamb, to whom Miss Leslie feels sympathetic and wishes to straighten out some legends she feels have got out of hand and reflect badly on her heroine's character. The book is clearly carefully researched, and since all the characters were so articulate and so often recorded, either by themselves or by friends and enemies, it makes a careful and accurate sound, but Miss Leslie's larger-than-life real characters were a great deal more subtle and complicated than her style and powers of interpretation, so that the final effect is curiously flat and, like a local pageant, earnest but uninspiring. It does at least convey the authentic sound of rich people dying of too much opportunity and not enough demands. It's a minor point, but I think some of my dissatisfaction with Miss Leslie's treatment lies in the fact that I don't feel that, when you are tired of referring to Lord Byron, you gain much by calling him "the disillusioned ex-Harrobian," which Miss Leslie does without any apparent fear or doubt.

Briefly . . . Forks and Hope—a title I detest—is a collection of essays and occasional pieces—a notebook, in fact, on Africa by Elspeth Huxley (Chatto 30s.), a splendid book full of intelligence and sharp observation and written in the sort of way that makes absolutely sure you are going on to the next page . . . **I Know What I'm Worth** by Vicki Baum (Michael Joseph 30s.)—what she reckons it is turns out to be "a first-class second-rate author"—is a wild and wonderful pouring out of soul, a thick emotional Viennese soup that takes in Miss Baum's loves and griefs, her mother's death of cancer, her tumultuous relationship with her extraordinary father, and her days as a professional harpist, the whole thing told in a mixture of European sentiment and oddly-fitting dated American tough slang ("I guess today's girl, confronted with such a situation, would say: 'How corny can you get? Cut it out. Dry up, pal.'" Well, I doubt it). The one thing one has always

been sure of about Miss Baum is that she wrote *Grand Hotel*. This fills out the picture like anything.

Henry Miller's **Tropic of Capricorn** (Calder 25s.), the dear old famous thing, turns out of course to be a great big truculent male cry of aggression and defiance and the sort of desperately frank writing that would make Nanny say "Come along Master Henry, we've had rather a tiring day and we don't mean everything we say but there may be tears before bedtime." "His prose is like a great wind blowing away the cobwebs of hypocrisy" says the blurb bravely. I don't feel so much of a hypocrite that I need such an enormous amount of wind . . . **My Flat and Her Apartment** by Allan Turpin (Michael Joseph 21s.) is a perceptive, disturbing and funny tragi-farce about a selfish, self-sufficient, coldly intelligent English writer who embarks on a season's very rewarding sex with a cuddly, ambitious and dim-witted American girl who adores him, thankfully sees her go, and meets her again in New York where the situation is cruelly reversed and the lady loves

less while the I-narrator is hopelessly locked in romantic and dependent love. The book is too long and I hate phonetic-American, but it reads like a first-hand documentary and deals out its slaps with a fine impartiality.

The Book of Westminster edited by Ian Norrie (High Hill Books, 35s.) seems to be one of a series—there are three companion-books—and is the sort of anthology magazines once used to do very adequately ("the special London issue") and is now thought worthy of hard covers; nice lightweight essays on the squares, shops, Soho, clubs, Albany and so on . . . **And Thou Shouldst Be Living at This Hour** by James Byrom (Heinemann 18s.) pleased me because of fringe interests—what it's like to teach Creative Writing for a year at a posh American women's college—rather than for the problem of who pushed the head of the English Department down the library steps. There's a romance with a rich girl with lilac-coloured eyes, but I found Mr. Byrom more successful with his dissatisfied academics than with passion among the post-graduates.

GERALD LASCELLES

on records

PORTRAITS AND FANTASIES

"Bird" Parker was notorious for the number of bad records issued under his name, for such was his fame that some record companies went so far as to release the rejected takes of what were otherwise successful sessions. **Portrait of 'The Bird'** (Columbia) is happily one of the exceptions, in that it contains some of the best small-group music he played. Some tracks were recorded live at New York's Carnegie Hall, where the opportunity to remake a lengthy theme did not exist. I hope this comment will dispel the growing belief I have heard voiced that Parker was never a spontaneous performer, erratic though he was during the closing years of his life. The challenging atmosphere of the 1947 concert brought both Charlie and Dizzy Gillespie to great heights of eloquence, especially in *Night in Tunisia* and *Dizzy atmosphere*. The story goes that Charlie, supposedly a guest at Dizzy's concert, was found asleep in his bath moments before he

was due on stage. He was apparently awakened, dried, dressed and rushed on to the stage to make this meteoric impact, which must go down in history as one of his most spontaneous and exciting recordings.

An equally outstanding portrait is that depicted by Charlie Byrd in **Blues for night people** (Realm). At a moment when the electric guitar sound dominates the pop market, I find it very refreshing to hear the clean, clear-cut sound of the acoustic guitar, properly and expertly played in the true jazz tradition. In the lengthy blues exploration on the first side of this album, he evokes shades of Bach and that great jazz guitarist, Teddy Bunn. His serious training with Segovia emerges in this pensive set and in *Blue prelude*, while his swinging powers are transmitted in *Jive at five*.

A quiet portrait is contained in **The twilight cometh** (Columbia), which presents the work of clarinetist Archie

Semple. He has obviously made a study of the works of Pee Wee Russell, and becomes the first instrumentalist I have heard who can in any way approximate the uncanny sense of tone and melody which Russell has expounded for years. I am pleased to say that Archie, who has been a mainstay of the Alex Welsh band for some years, has recently resumed his musical activities after a lengthy spell in hospital. His form in this album warrants attention, and an early return to the studio.

The pages of jazz history are littered with the names of trumpeters who have died young, but two men featured on a new album called **Fantasy** (Realm) deserve special mention. The first is Booker Little, who had made his mark at 23, and was destined in my mind to succeed Dizzy in the years to come. The other is Clifford Brown, an incredibly mature player who died aged 26, with the world at his feet, and complete technical mastery of the problems of contemporary music at his finger tips. Both Durham and Tarrentine, the

other trumpeters featured on this album, were at some time working with Max Roach's quintet, which was the proving ground for so many budding musicians.

In a different context, the fantasy of Guy Warren, a talented drummer from Ghana, warrants attention. He is a multi-instrumentalist featuring himself on drums, African flute and piano during the course of a rather monotonous but enlightening album called **Emergent drums**. To me the importance of African music is to capture the pure form, without American influences. Unfortunately Guy Warren lapses into one long bop vocal, and plays a complete flute theme based on a "soul" jazz piece of recent origin. Since he recorded this work in London last year, I would hesitate to claim that he was without influence from across one or another sea! Nevertheless he plays some interesting pieces, such as the pigmy drum suite, and I only wish that so much dubbing (recording one instrumental line on top of another) had not been employed.



David Ward as Monterone places the fatal curse on Geraint Evans in the title role of *Rigoletto* at Covent Garden. Mr. Evans, round whom the new production was built, gave only one performance, retiring because of a throat infection

ROBERT WRAIGHT

on galleries

THAT TEXAN TOUCH

It is a long time since an exhibition separated the young sheep from the old goats among the critics so effectively as the Robert Rauschenberg show at the Whitechapel Art Gallery has done. Not that *you* would know it because the sounds made by each faction are much the same. But I, being in the privileged category of middle-aged goat, have reason to believe that many of my more mature colleagues have had to strain their consciences hard to make it appear that they are with it. They have been helped in this self-deception by the fact that mixed up with the bits of junk—the old umbrella, the torn trousers, the stuffed cockerel, the dirty bedding, the "Coke" bottles, etc.—are colourful passages of what is now conventional painting. And they are helped, above all, by the 34 "illustrations" to Dante's *Inferno* in which Rauschenberg displays an unsuspected talent for meticulous craftsmanship.

"I've got to admit that the so-and-so has talent," one of the old goats remarked to me as he looked at these "combine drawings" (watercolour, pencil, chalk, transferred photographs and *frottage*). And then he went home to write a rave review which was largely a pastiche of the rave notes that fill 16 pages of the exhibition catalogue, notes which, to me, are astonishing revelations of the absurd lengths to which self-deception can force a critic. Sample: *Whatever Rauschenberg uses brings to its new context the fullness of the context from which it has been ripped . . .* Sample: *With all his humour, Rauschenberg also reflects, most accurately and beautifully, the tragic and elegiac spirit of his time . . .*

The first of these statements is patently nonsense. The initial impact of the combine paintings derives almost entirely from the shock of seeing the stuffed chicken, the traffic sign, the shirt tail or the reproduction of the Rokeby Venus *out of context*. In this Rauschenberg is merely emulating the Surrealists' juxtapositions "as beautiful as the unexpected meeting, on a dissecting table, of a sewing-machine and an umbrella." (His painting with three radio sets, all tuned to different stations, concealed in it, is only an extension of this idea.)

Advance publicity and a prior acquaintance with the paintings he showed at the Royal Academy (in the Art USA Now exhibition) and at the Tate (the Dunn International) last year, have taken most of the surprise out of these surrealist tricks. *The shock of life it first presents us pales*, writes Mr. Henry Geldzahler in the catalogue, *and we are left with a work that has lost its brutality but retains its challenge and gains, increasingly, elegance*. Be that as it may, as my grandmother used to say, Rauschenberg himself appears to have become bored with the combine paintings. During the past year he has been obsessed by the possibilities of the discovery that he can print photographic reproductions on canvas by the silk-screen process.

Several of the early results of this obsession, combinations of silk-screen and oil painting techniques, are at the Whitechapel Gallery. In them he throws together (he works quickly) on to a large canvas (one of them is 33ft long) a variety of photographic images that have no predetermined relation to one another—Press photographs, Old Master reproductions, architectural designs, natural history illustrations and so on—and links them or separates them with painted areas. Already these experiments have evoked extravagant eulogies from many critics who evidently overlook the enormous debt he owes again to the Surrealists, and to the Dadaists.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about what Rauschenberg has done and is doing is that it was not done several decades ago, following on immediately from what Ernst and Duchamp, for instance, were doing around 1920. After a long hiatus he took over where these pioneers left off because they felt they had come to a dead end. True to his Texan background, he has blown up the sort of trivialities of which they tired to enormous size and so given them a new quality. But to mistake this for a new language of art as Mr. Geldzahler apparently does ("With the white paintings of 1951 Rauschenberg apparently wiped out the history of painting; after that he was free to invent art all over again") is, I must say it once again, nonsense.

GOOD
LOOKS
BY
ELIZABETH
WILLIAMSON

pot pourri

Items that stem from the woods and the flower bed hold the promise of a flower petal skin.

One of the greatest beauty horticulturists is Floris in Jermyn Street where flowers like Rose Geranium and Stephanotis are cultured in pots and bottles. Their newest introduction is a chemist's jar in white ironstone filled with the soft crunchy crystals of Stephanotis Bath-O-Floris: 32s. 6d. Their New Mown Hay cologne is another countryside scent.

Guerlain's Secret de Bonne Femme is the prettiest pot in the shops—a Bristol blue glass jar topped with silver. The cream inside is one of those bland, softening creams. As a general cream it is specially good for a dry, sensitive skin: 14s. 6d. Cyclax Moistura is the newest treatment preparation designed to give the skin a moist look. It is baby pink and has a pleasant clinical scent: 17s. 6d.

Payot's Crème Framboise has the consistency of light mousse. It suits the most delicate skin and smells unbelievably fresh and fruity. The pot is another delight—a china jar coloured like crushed raspberries: 18s. 6d.



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ALBERT ADAIR

ANTIQUES

THE EVERLASTING FLOWERS

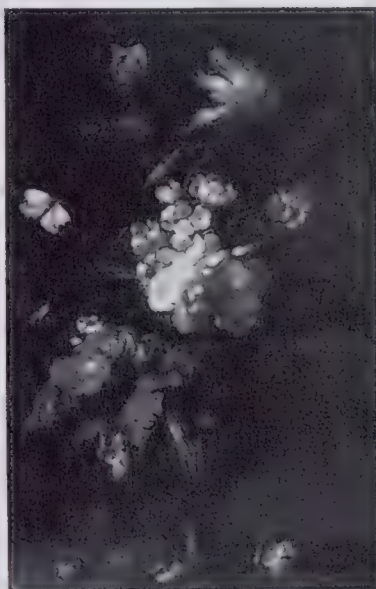
Dutch flower pictures of the 17th and 18th centuries have always fascinated me. In fact it became my ambition to own one, but it was not until after the last war that I eventually achieved this. At the time I discovered that, contrary to general opinion, Dutch flower pictures could—and still can—be purchased in the three-figure bracket.

These pictures are much in demand today; they are most decorative and can prove a rewarding investment, and it is therefore fortunate that the Netherlands' painters were so prolific. Many famous names are immediately conjured up by the mention of flower pictures: Jan Breughel, Bosschaert, the de Heems and Jan van Huysum, but hundreds of others concentrated on the flower-piece among them Pieter Casteels (1684–1749) whose *Flowers in a Vase on a Table* I illustrate by kind permission of Gooden & Fox, of St. James's.

The focal point of the picture, which is signed by Casteels in full and dated 1709, is of course the off-white blossom in the centre and it is around this that the composition has been built. The tulip, which was introduced from Turkey in 1573 and became popular in Holland, is nearly always incorporated by the artists from that country and in this picture a big red parrot-tulip is at the top. The large flower on the right is a dull red, the convolvulus are blue and white and the other large flower leaning out over the vase is pinkish flecked with yellow and red. The painting also includes a snail on the table and two butterflies fluttering among the flowers.

Pieter Casteels III was born in Antwerp on 3 October, 1684, the son of the painter Pieter Casteels II and Elisabeth Bosschaert (a member of the famous Antwerp family of flower painters) and he was a pupil of his father. The economic depression of the War of the Spanish Succession (1701–1713) and of those following the Peace of Utrecht, made the first quarter of the 18th century a lean period for artists in the

Low Countries, while the rapidly growing strength and prosperity of England under Queen Anne and the first George induced them to join their better known Italian counterparts in seeking work in England. Pieter Casteels was among the best of those who left their native Antwerp in 1708, the year of the Battle of Oudenarde, and settled in England, an example followed slightly later by the well known sculptors Rysbrack and Scheemakers, as well as by a host of lesser artists. He died at Richmond in 1749. Unlike the majority of Dutch and Flemish flower painters of the 17th and 18th centuries, who remained comparatively neglected until after the last war, his qualities have always been recognized, and since little is recorded of his life, this dated flower painting is most valuable in documenting his style at the time of his arrival in England.



Pieter Casteels' Flowers in a Vase on a Table

After my comments on Bristol Delftware in an October, 1963, issue of *The Tatler*, the Chairman of the Bristol Pottery courteously informed me that the Pottery is very much in existence as it has been since 1652 and in fact they have revived one of the oldest Bristol Delft designs.

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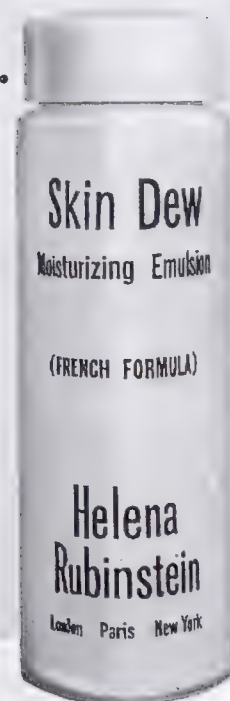
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Jag is fab, everyone knows, but some people found that the Mark 10 was too long for their garages while the Mark 2 did not really give the back passengers enough leg-room. Now Sir William Lyons has devised a compromise, which he calls the S-type. Basically it combines the good features of both other models plus some of its own. Like all Jaguars it is fast, and unlike the Mark 2 it has the independent rear suspension of the E-type and the Mark 10. The engine is the six-cylinder-in-line, with twin overhead camshafts, and can be either 3.4 or 3.8 litre capacity. The design is the same in each case; the larger one develops 220 b.h.p., 10 more than the smaller. Tax paid, they work out at just on £9 a horse; the 3.8 model costs £1,758 13s. 9d. and the 3.4 costs £1,669 5s. 5d. Those prices are for models with normal four-speed gearbox and foot operated clutch; automatic transmission is available for both, at £126 17s. 6d. extra.

For a car of this S-type's quality the prices are reasonable. The finish and presentation are de luxe, from the soft hide of the upholstery to the perfectly laid out tool kit in a detachable tray inside the rim of the spare wheel in the boot. When one gets into the car a feeling of well-being descends which means a lot when motor-ing in comfort is concerned. The steering wheel is exactly the right size with a rim-shape that assists complete control. The engine literally purrs and only raises its note when exceeding 100 m.p.h. The S-type holds the road splendidly on both motorways and twisting secondary roads. There is plenty of leg-room behind the driver. This intermediate Jaguar is 15 ft. 7½ ins. long, compared with 16 ft. 10 ins. of the Mark 10 and 15 ft. of the Mark 2: it is less wide than the Mark 10 (76 ins. in overall width) at 5 ft. 6½ ins. which will suit the average sized garage.

It has always been characteristic of Sir William Lyons's cars that they have offered high performance at a low price; and their success has been equally due to the intrinsic merits of design and construction, and to the enterprise that goes into the selling side. A highly efficient servicing organization has been created both at home and overseas, especially in the United States where there is an American subsidiary company, Jaguar Cars, Inc. To Sir William himself must go much of the credit. I knew him

DUDLEY NOBLE

MOTORING

THE BIG CAT LEAPS AGAIN

in the 20s when he came to Coventry from Blackpool. He had been making Swallow side-cars, but eager to get on to four wheels, he produced the first S.S. sports cars. They had Swallow bodies mounted on modified Standard chassis and sold on their smart appearance: on their debut in 1931, when Sir William was 30, they caused a sensation. In 1935 he took the bold decision to build the car complete and, though for obvious reasons the name S.S. gave rise to misconceptions during the war when it was

changed to Jaguar, there has never been any change in "The Head Man," as Sir William's staff affectionately call him.

The company has gone on from these successes and Sir William has been fortunate with his choice of executives. Making motor cars, he says, is a co-operative affair, and one man in particular who has helped to make the Jaguar the fine engineering job it is has been Mr. William Heynes who, after joining him in 1935, produced the post-war XK engine

on which so many racing successes have been won and which has been a tower of strength to the firm. With it, Jaguars have pulled off record after record; in 1952, one ran continuously for seven days and nights and covered 16,851 miles at over 100 m.p.h.; in 1956, 1957 and 1958 they won the Le Mans 24-hour race. However, motor racing is an expensive business, and Sir William says that possibly its greatest expense is the demands it makes on the limited supply of high engineering skill available. One further laurel on the Jaguar crown is its sponsorship of the disc brake which, in conjunction with Dunlop, it tested and proved the hard way on racing tracks, until today it is a feature of almost any car with any pretension to high performance.



Jaguar S-type interior view and (top) the outside shape with a back like the Mark 10 and front resembling the Mark 2

ROSE GROWING

THE BOURBON ROSES (1)

Roses of the Bourbon group were among the most important cultivated in Victorian England from the time of their introduction about 1825 until they were rivalled in popularity by the Hybrid Perpetuals. Their prominence lay not only in their colour, scent and floral charm but also in their long flowering habit, providing a variation from the once blooming roses on one hand and the Hybrid Chinas on the other. A comparatively

small number of the old Bourbons remain in cultivation, but fortunately one or two of the best, e.g. *Bourbon Queen* (1835) and *Souvenir de Malmaison* (1843) have come down to us.

Those who appreciate the charm of the "old" roses—the shape of their blooms, colouring and rich scent—but find a single flowering period a drawback might do well to consider the possibilities of the Bourbon and Portland roses. William Paul, the famous 19th-

century rosarian, gives a list of some 46 varieties in the 1888 edition of his book, and comments "the brilliancy and clearness of the colours, the large, smooth petals of the flowers, their circular outline and the beauty of the foliage have rendered them especial favourites." Paul's list was only a selection from the large number of Bourbons then available, though several were of weak habit or scentless and have since been discarded. The race of Bourbons is supposed to have derived from a chance cross between the ancient *Autumn Damask* or *Four Seasons* and a China rose; it was discovered in the Isle of Bour-

bon (Réunion) in 1817, and seeds were sent to the Château de Neuilly, near Paris, in 1819. The China influence gave the rose its recurrent flowering capacities, its scent coming from the Damask family. In 1825 came *Gloire de Rosomanes*, a brilliant carmine Bourbon-China hybrid raised by Vibert, which led to the development of the Rosomane group—*Maximilian II*, *Louis XIV* and about 29 others all of crimson or maroon colour, ancestors of the red Hybrid Perpetuals. The Bourbons associate well with the "old" roses, those of vigorous growth being suitable as pergola and pillar roses. Prune them this month.

Other people's children

Right: Julia (2) is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. Brown, of Guildford, Surrey. Far right: Quenelda (3) and Giles (12 months) are the children of Mr. & Mrs. D. Gibbs, of Bishops Sutton, Alresford, Hants



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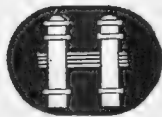
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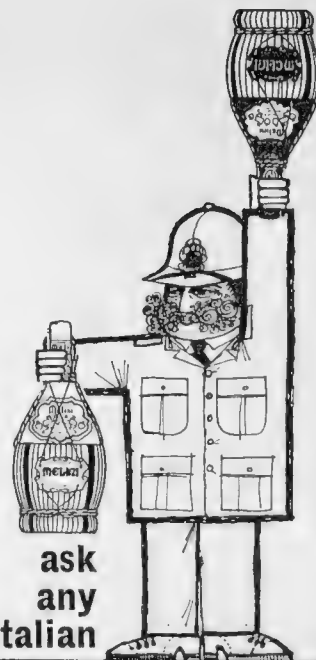
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DINING IN

BASIC CHINESE

One of the compensations of living in or near London, or any of the larger cities, is the restaurants of other nationalities. I suppose that the most popular of these today are owned by Chinese. Many of our European dishes originated in the Far East, and there is ample evidence that pasta, which we consider entirely Italian, was introduced by Marco Polo on his return from China to his native land. Other dishes, too. The Straccatiella of Italy, for instance, is similar to the EGG DROP SOUP of China, which is one of the simplest of dishes to make. When I have this in my favourite Chinese restaurant, I am reminded of the Italian version and *vice versa* when I go to an Italian establishment.

For 4 servings, have 1½ pints of well-flavoured clear chicken stock or water and 2 chicken bouillon cubes or a can of consommé and water with ½ teaspoon of Accent, Stress, Aginomoto, Mei-Yen or Ve-tsin

(all forms of mono-sodium glutamate) to bring out the flavour. Beat 1 to 2 eggs just enough to combine the white and yolk and stir into the boiling stock from a fair height. Add a teaspoon of soy sauce if chicken stock or consommé is used, but not in the case of the chicken bouillon cubes.

Or you may prefer the Italian version. Beat 1½ tablespoons each of semolina and grated Parmesan cheese with the egg or eggs. Stir them into the boiling liquid, as above, and cook for 5 to 6 minutes. Omit the soy sauce but add seasoning to taste.

NOODLES, one form of pasta, are used in many Chinese dishes. It is a pleasure to watch a Chinese cook making the paste. I did so recently and here is the process as I witnessed it:

Sift 1 lb. of plain flour and a good pinch of salt on to a marble or porcelain surface. Make a hole in the centre and drop 3 eggs and a little water into it. (The amount of water

is a matter of judgment, as far as I could see.) Gradually, with the tips of the fingers, begin to draw in the inner circle of flour clockwise to make a firm dough. If it seems that there is not enough liquid, add a drop or two of water. When all has been incorporated, knead the dough as you would for bread, using the heel of the hand to push it out away from you. Even when it is already well kneaded, give it another go.

Divide the dough into several pieces and roll them out to nearer ¼ inch than ½ inch thin. Fold them over and over and cut into thin strips.

There is a special domestic machine which rolls out the dough and cuts it into strips, varying from very narrow to quite wide ones. But unless you are determined to make your own, you can buy dry noodles made with egg in most of the stores and from Continental grocers.

For years, CRISPY NOODLES defeated me as they have done so many people. Chinese chefs have a very clever way with them. They have strands of fresh noodles up to 3 feet in length. These they form into circles to make nestlike shapes. Meanwhile a small wire frying basket is resting in deep

hot peanut (arachide) oil. The basket is raised, the nest of noodles is laid in it, then lowered into the hot oil. In a minute or two, the noodles are crisp and golden-toned.

These same noodles, dried a little and then plainly boiled, go well in any savoury dish which calls for them.

Hungarian goulash is a wonderful main dish for a party. The following VEAL PAPRIKA based on it is a pleasant buffet dish. Here is the recipe for 8 to 10 servings.

Finely chop 1½ lb. of Spanish-type onions and gently simmer them in 1 oz. lard in a covered pan until they are translucent. Add 2 lb. veal, cut in 1-inch dice, and simmer to stiffen them. Add a heaped teaspoon of paprika, ½ teaspoon salt, freshly milled pepper to taste, a tablespoon of tubed tomato purée and just under 1 pint of veal bone stock. Cover and simmer for 1 to 1½ hours. Just before the dish is required, blend together a tablespoon of cornflour and 3 tablespoons of water. Stir them into the veal and simmer to cook the cornflour. Finally, stir in a tub of cultured cream leaving, if possible, streaks of the cream showing.

Engagements



Miss Penelope Crowther to Mr. David Perkins. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Crowther, of Green Lane Farm, Ampfield, Hampshire. He is the son of the late Mr. Charles Ingram Perkins and of Mrs. Perkins, of Little Hook, Warsash, Hampshire



Miss Robin Nicola Hancock to Mr. Michael Butler: She is the daughter of the late Lt. R. H. M. Hancock, D.S.C., R.N., and of Mrs. F. E. Graham-Bonnallie, of Topsham, Devon. He is the son of Major & Mrs. R. A. P. Butler, Lower Farm, Ramsden, Oxon



Miss Ann Mackenzie to Mr. David Northey: She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. J. W. Mackenzie, of Heastige House, Ansty, Dorchester. He is the son of Lt.-Col. P. A. Northey, of St. Ouen, Jersey, and of Mrs. L. P. Ellerton, April Lodge, Hampton, Middlesex



Miss Jill Clive Wint to Mr. Stephen Christopher Martyn: She is the daughter of the late Mr. G. Wint, and of Mrs. Wint, of The Hays, Bridgnorth, Shropshire. He is the son of the late Mr. S. R. Martyn and of Mrs. Martyn, of The Mount, Dinas Powis, Glamorgan

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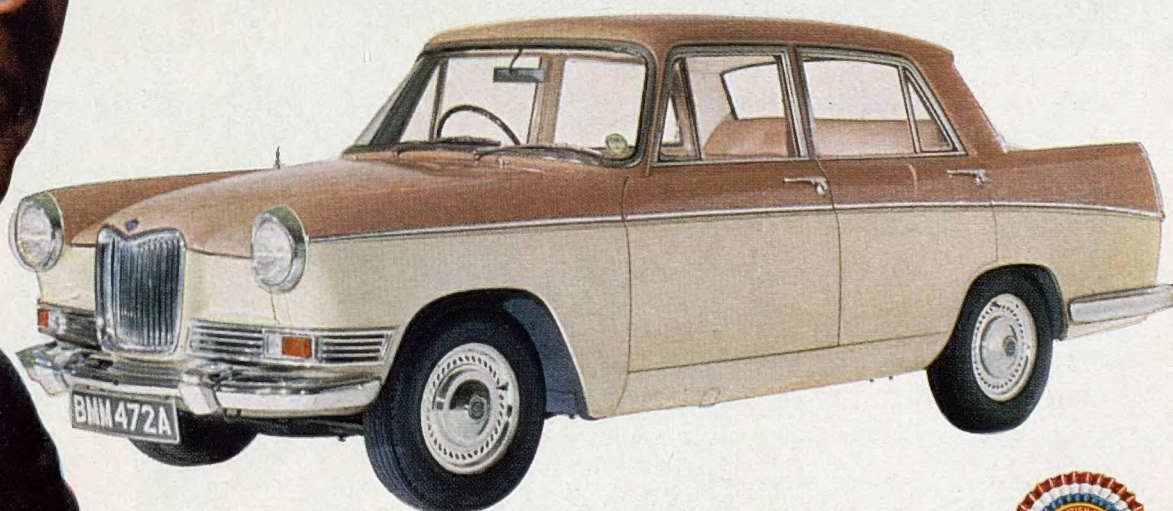
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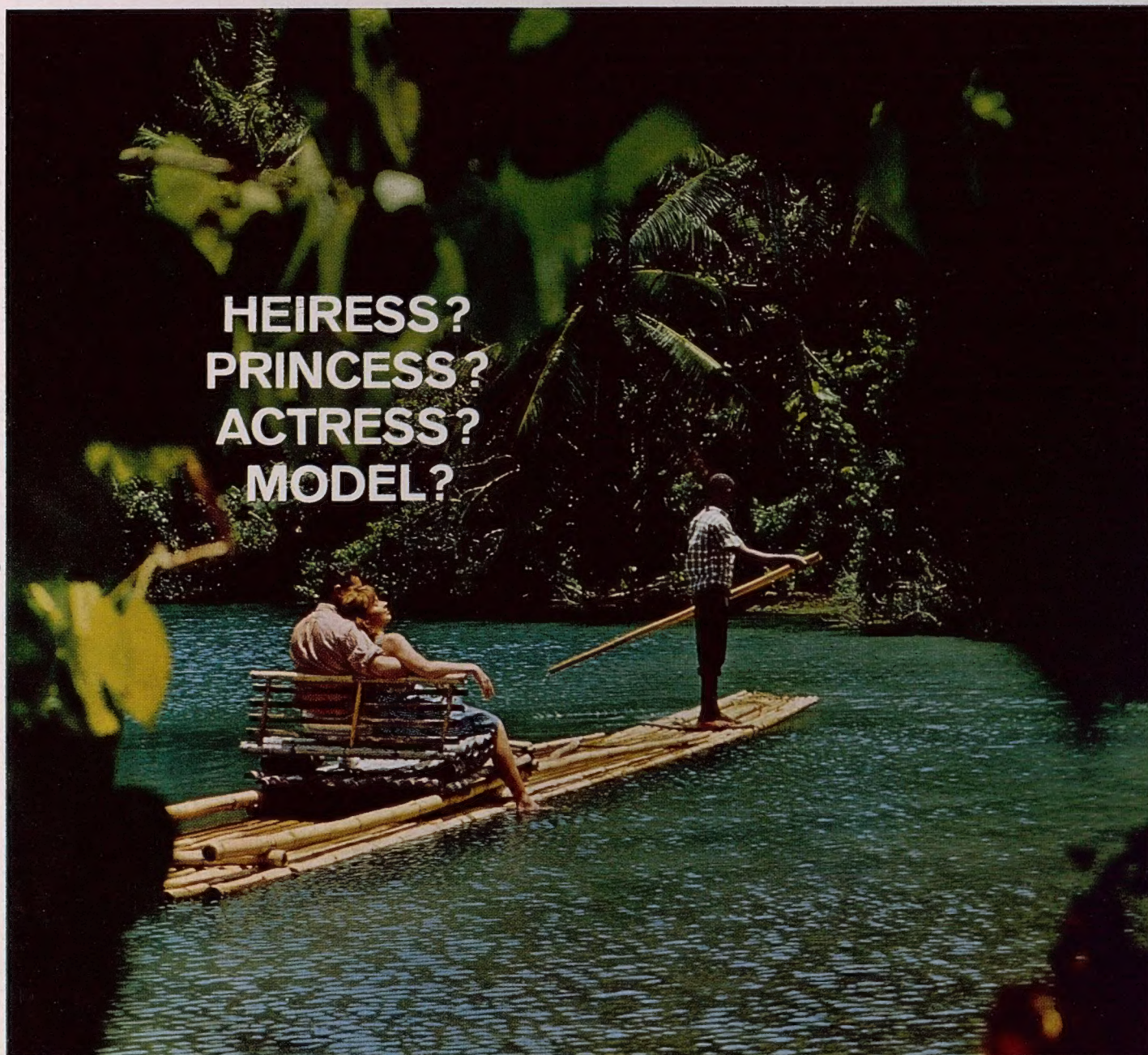
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